THE FORUM
FOR JUNE 1914

ORTHODOXY

A Play in One Act

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

CHARACTERS

THE SEXTON
THE ANCIENT WOMAN
THE MINISTER'S WIFE
THE LAND AGENT
THE AGENT'S WIFE
THE BUTCHER
THE BUTCHER'S WIFE
FIRST GIRL
SECOND GIRL
THIRD GIRL
FIRST YOUTH
SECOND YOUTH
THIRD YOUTH
THE BASSO
THE SOPRANO
THE TENOR
THE CONTRALTO
THE CHORUS
FIRST FARMHAND
SECOND FARMHAND
A WORTHY CITIZEN
THE RICH BACHELOR
THE OLD MAID
THE MINISTER
THE GREAT GOD PAN
THE IDIOT
THE IDIOT'S MOTHER
THE CHOIR
THE STRANGER
THE ORGANIST

Note

It must be thoroughly realized that the characters of this play are intended to give voice to their actual, private thought of the moment; but are intended to do so in the usual tone and manner of polite conventionality. Their gestures and voices must be those of people under perfectly normal conditions, and everything done to stimulate realization by the audience of the fact that it is the secret minds of the characters which are being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portrayed. They, the characters, are simply saying what they are really thinking in the situation in which they are presented, instead of employing the empty social forms which we are accustomed to hearing people actually give voice to.

Author's Preface

THERE has always been a peculiar fascination for me in the realization that while people were saying one thing, they were almost invariably thinking another. In certain circumstances we all realize this to be true, as in formal greetings and the expression of social amenities; and we read through the convenient form with comparative ease. A great deal of the time, however, we have to dodge about among the deliberately misleading words used by those with whom we come in contact, seeking here and there to find their real meaning, and this is a confusing and tiring task: one of those vicarious expenditures of energy of which the world has altogether too many. Words are themselves pitfalls of misunderstanding. To each of us their meaning varies slightly in all but the simplest forms, and even these may readily be applied with totally different significance. As for the confusion which intonation puts upon the spoken word, differentiating it from the same word when written, and the mistaken interpretations resulting therefrom, I need say nothing, as they are too widely acknowledged to need further comment. Bergson, the eminent French philosopher, points out that it is almost impossible really to convey anything through so clumsy a medium as language: and the experiment of asking a group of people to define the meaning of a simple word like "quite," for instance, will convince anyone of the truth of this.

Now granting that under the best of circumstances it is difficult for us to understand each other, why is it not indeed a wasteful thing to expend good energy on further disguise of our own thoughts? It is infinitely easier to be as direct as words permit, and the resulting reaction upon one's acquaintance is intensely interesting.

However far we may be from this ideal of genuinely frank

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intercourse between humans, if we possess the least curiosity about the actual foundations upon which other people's lives are grounded, we can never cease from seeking to discover, or at least to guess, what is actually passing in their minds as their lips move over some empty formula—even when the formula is empty only from a familiarity which has brought it into contempt, and could and should be full of most poignant meaning, as in the case of the (omitted) sacred service in my play.

For of all places in which to look for feeling which rings high, and words holding true meaning, a church is the most likely. And yet it was my childish observation of those who sat around me in the bare white church to which my grandmother took me as a little girl that inspired my writing of what I hold to be in no way a sacrilegious play. In those long hours when I sat in the red cushioned pew, my feet dangling over its edge, quick with restrained energy, my eyes fixed upon the bit of sky beyond the tall windows over the clergyman's head; in those long hours I knew that I was not thinking of the words I repeated so mechanically; and by a thousand tokens I knew that *the others about me were not doing so either!* In every way they betrayed themselves—there was no ecstasy upon their faces, they were infinitely more conscious of their neighbors' clothes than of the minister's words. For years I watched them, these smug, comfortable congregations, who had no conception of the wonder and stupendous import of the service through which they sat so calmly, and hastened forth from, with gossip hot upon their lips. And then the notion came to me to write out all that I guessed the truth about them to be. All that I felt artistically *certain* was the truth: to put into the mouths of the congregation the things I guessed they were thinking. I do not say that I *knew* they were thinking so, for a positive statement is a pitfall for truth. But I guessed at it with that same conviction of having hit it right with which one looks into the utterly bored face of a departing guest and guesses that his "such a delightful time" means "I have had a hateful time." And so I have put down the service as I heard it with my every instinct when I was a child: and as I guessed it with my mind as an adult.

I do not wish to convey, however, that I believe that there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are no really good people in churches. The *Contralto,* who hears the voice of *Pan,* is a "good" woman, because she is real. Therefore she can hear *Pan.* But like most real people she is frankly groping as far as her religious feeling goes. She knows that it makes her happy to sing, and to give her copper to the poor, and that both things pertain to religion: she knows, too, that the voice of *Pan,* the earthly god whose hoofs are pungent of meadow loam, and who speaks to the ears of youth, and sets the good flesh a-tingle, can be heard in churches, and that there is nothing incongruous in the fact: also she is sufficiently well-balanced to hear him, but not to lose sanity, and so see him. Alas! she is typical, I fear, of the minority, into which I have put her!

I have intended no propaganda in the play, save that which you may deduce from it yourself, if you so wish. Make your own interpretations (as indeed you will without my telling you to). I have simply been curious: and this is the result of my exploration.

N. W. P.

Scene: The interior of a church. The audience sees a half-section of the building as though it had been cut lengthwise through the near side of the centre aisle, leaving it intact and running parallel with and immediately behind the footlights. As the entire width of the aisle is shown, the platform with reading-desk and minister's seat stands complete beneath a sort of pro-scenium arch. Below the reading-desk, upon which is an enormous Bible, and occupying the end of the aisle-carpet, is the communion table, with mottled marble top and hideous carved legs of wal-nut. Below this, and extending to the aisle, are other pews with doors, facing the pulpit in the usual manner. The woodwork is white-painted and the pews cushioned in crimson, while the walls are stencilled in imitation of carved mouldings. Through the row of long, undecorated windows at the rear the sun is shining gaily, and a glimpse of blue sky and waving trees may be had. At the right is the organ-loft, shown sectionally, and beneath this is the entrance to the church. At rise of curtain the Sexton is discov-ered tidying the church with a last few touches: closing the doors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of one or two pews, making sure that there are hymn-books in the racks and finally giving the contribution plate a brush with his pocket-hankerchief. He is a dyspeptic-looking man of perhaps forty years of age, whose chin recedes timidly into the enormous folds of a ready-made four-in-hand tie. His ill-fitting frock coat hangs loosely, but for all that he has an air of complacent self-importance. The church-bell is ringing.

THE SEXTON

They will all look at me as they come in. I'm important on Sundays, anyhow. What a sense of consequence it gives me to bustle about, getting things ready! That's what I get out of this job! The stipend is nothing, the sentiment is nothing: but I put on these clothes and they all look at me, whereas they would do nothing of the sort otherwise. . . . Now I must go and stand by the door and show them to their seats, as they arrive. . . . I wonder if the town-clerk will wear the shoes I made for him! Confound him, I wish he would pay for them! (*He goes to the entrance door and opens it, letting in a patch of sunlight and disclosing the steps of the building and a bit of view. He takes up his stand just inside, facing the audience, and adjusts his clothes self-consciously. A strange, wild laugh is heard, but the Sexton seems not to hear it. Presently the Very Ancient Woman enters. She is bent nearly double and walks with a stick. She is slightly palsied and her thin, wrinkled face is clear and calm. She is the very picture of ancient piety. The Sexton accompanies her, and each principal who enters thereafter, to their pews, with a courtesy of manner which utterly contradicts his language. Their manner is also a contradiction to their words*)

THE SEXTON

Well, old crone! What a nuisance it is to have to assist your doddering footsteps up the aisle every Sunday!

THE ANCIENT WOMAN

Thank goodness I am the first! Last Sunday the butcher's wife got here before me, and so I missed seeing her come in. But to-day I'll miss no one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEXTON (*assisting her into a pew*)

Old stupid! Tuck your skirt in, can't you?

THE ANCIENT WOMAN (*gazing around with an air of satisfaction*)

This is fine! So much better than staying at home alone. I would not miss it for worlds!

(*The Minister's Wife enters with two small girl children, one on either hand. She exchanges a surreptitious bow with the Sexton and hurries to a front pew*)

THE MINISTER'S WIFE (*as she goes down the aisle*)

Oh, I hope the roast will not burn while I am gone! That wretched stove! My garter hurts. Shall I be able to adjust it, I wonder? No! Some one might see: I shall have to sit in misery. The whole congregation will watch me; but no matter how I act, they will talk about it afterward. . . . If only the children will be quiet! I will pray for that. (*She enters the pew and kneels, burying her face in her hands, while the little girls sit staring about, round-eyed*)

THE SEXTON (*returning to door*)

Poor woman, what a silly face she has!

(*Enter the Land Agent and his Wife*)

THE LAND AGENT (*to the Sexton*)

If this were the place to talk about such things I would tell you that I am going to evict you to-morrow.

THE SEXTON

How you glare at me, sir! Positively, I am tempted to rob the plate in order to pay you!

THE AGENT'S WIFE

I have on a new hat.

(*The laugh rings out again, but no one heeds*)

THE SEXTON (*smiling politely*)

Here is your pew. I wish its floor would collapse and drop you both through.

THE AGENT'S WIFE

I have on a new hat! (*She kneels and continues repeating the sentence softly for a moment*)

(*Enter the Butcher and his Wife*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BUTCHER

Thank fortune, the All-pervading Power, if there really is any such, cannot possibly know about that overcharge I made. He will only see the fine waistcoat which I bought with it!

THE BUTCHER'S WIFE

How religious I look! It is so respectable to go to church with one's husband!

THE ANCIENT WOMAN

She has on her last summer's gown!

THE SEXTON (*to the butcher, genially*)

I'll beat you at pinochle yet, old man!

(*Enter three Young Girls*)

FIRST GIRL

See my new hat, see my new hat! It has pink, pink roses upon it.

SECOND GIRL

Her hat is not any better than my shoes. Look at my shoes.

THIRD GIRL

He has not come as yet!

THE SEXTON (*shows them a seat*)

Here, you charming things! How plump the eldest is: I would like to pinch her.

THIRD GIRL (*kneeling*)

How the sexton smells of pomade: he sickens me. When will my beloved come!

FIRST GIRL (*kneeling*)

My new hat, see my new hat, see it, see it!

SECOND GIRL (*kneeling*)

My shoes, my shoes! They hurt, but see how white they are.

(*The church fills more rapidly now, with a crowd of country folk. The named Characters come in, forward, along the other edge of the aisle. The gallery begins to fill*)

(*Enter two Youths*)

THE SEXTON

Louts! You can find your own places!

THIRD GIRL

It is he! Will he not look at me?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST YOUTH

There is the grocer's daughter. How she stares! I wish she would stop it, for she makes me uneasy. Now if it were the young matron yonder, who looked at me once with soft eyes. . . .

SECOND YOUTH

The grocer's daughter will not look at me. Alas!

(*Enter Third Youth*)

THIRD YOUTH

How my shirt scratches me, how my shirt scratches me! (*Kneels, repeating*)

(*The Organist begins to play very softly, and the Choir straggle in and take their places*)

THE BASSO

If you don't keep on the key this morning, Miss Soprano, I shall go mad!

THE SOPRANO

You have a wretched ear for music!

THE CHORUS (*tittering*)

We are really as good as they, the conceited things!

THE TENOR

This choir would go all to pieces if it were not for me. At least I must contrive to keep them thinking so.

THE CONTRALTO

Oh, the music, the music! Once a week at least I can sing to the organ. How glad I am—how glad I am to sing!

(*The laugh rings out again, and at the sound of it the Contralto smiles and hums over her part under her breath. No one else heeds*)

(*Enter two Farmhands*)

FIRST FARMHAND

I don't really know what it is all about, but let us sit down.

SECOND FARMHAND

No more do I understand it; but it's very respectable.

(*Enter a Worthy Citizen and his Wife, together with a Rich Bachelor. They talk as they walk up the aisle and become seated in the same pew*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORTHY CITIZEN (*to the Rich Bachelor*)

Our business is going well, friend, and not the less so because we show ourselves regularly in this House!

THE RICH BACHELOR

Yes, yes! And how fine it is to know that as we walk up here, everyone is looking and whispering, and wondering how much money we really have! (*He kneels and murmurs*) I hope dinner will be on time to-day.

THE SEXTON

I will bow obsequiously to you, and perhaps you will lend me the money that will save me from eviction! I hope you are seated comfortably!

(*Enter the Old Maid*)

THE OLD MAID (*hurrying primly to a front pew*)

Will the men look at me as I pass? Ah! There is no desire in their eyes. (*Kneels in her pew*) I am a-weary, blowing on cold ashes!

THE SEXTON

Ah! She was a wild one when I was a boy, the slut! The village never found her out, though!

(*Enter a Common Woman with her son, the village Idiot. They seat themselves midway down the aisle, in direct line with one of the gaunt windows, the sash of which is half open. During the scene which follows, the Idiot keeps staring at this window, where presently appears the Great God Pan. Pan it is who has been laughing, and he seats himself upon the sill, where he and the Idiot can see each other. They talk on terms of old intimacy, using many gestures, and are entirely oblivious to everything save each other. No one but the Idiot sees Pan or hears what he says, nor what the Idiot says to him. When the Idiot speaks to Pan, his language is intelligible. When he replies to his mother's rebuke, he is able to make nothing but a terrible, meaningless sound in his throat. The Contralto, in the organ loft, seems to realize Pan is present, but she cannot see him. The tolling of the bell ceases, and the Minister, a smug young man in a white stock, walks briskly up the aisle, a Bible under his arm*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MINISTER

Ah! They can never begin without Me! I am the whole show, here! It is really a very desirable job, mine!

(*He goes to the platform, mounts the steps and, standing behind the reading-desk, half closes his eyes, stretching out his hands to the Congregation, who lean forward in prayer*)

THE MINISTER (*as though praying*)

Lean forward uncomfortably now, all of you, and listen, or don't listen, exactly as you like. But do steal a covert look at me, as I stand here in this picturesque and sanctified attitude. Here we are, gathered together in this house, and I can't think of a single original thing to say, try as I will. I am going to be very dull, I know, but it gives me a sort of pleasant sense of importance to be doing it, and it will be over in about an hour, and then we will all be at liberty to go our several ways. Amen!

(*During the dialogue between Pan and the Idiot, the Minister and the Congregation go on with the motions of the service*)

THE IDIOT (*to Pan*)

Hello! Won't you come in?

PAN

It is warmer here in the sunlight.

THE IDIOT

I will come out to you presently. Can you see the ocean from there?

PAN

Yes. I was down upon the sands early this morning and saw. . . .

(*His voice is lost in the sound of the Congregation singing, although the two are seen to go on talking unconcernedly. The Congregation has arisen and sings:*

Praise Gold from which all blessings flow,
Praise it ye creatures here below;
Praise it all ye Heavenly Hosts,
Slave for gold till ye give up your ghosts!

(*The Congregation resumes its seats*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAN

. . . and the leaves all caressed each other and laughed for love of it!

THE IDIOT

And did the south wind *never* come back?

PAN

O yes! The south wind it was that played about the barren branches this very spring, coaxing the young leaves to come out again. She and the sun, you know, are lovers, and I will tell you a story about them, which a famous Greek historian, who was my good friend, wrote. You see it came about thus. . . . (*Pan's voice is drowned out by that of the Minister*)

THE MINISTER

We will now read the ninth selection of the psalter, page one hundred and twenty. The ninth selection.

My son, forget not my law: but let thine heart keep my commandments.

THE CONGREGATION

For length of days, and long life and peace, shall they add to thee.

THE MINISTER

Let not cunning and deceit forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the tablets of thy heart.

THE CONGREGATION

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of man.

THE MINISTER

Trust in Gold with all thy heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

THE CONGREGATION

In all ways acknowledge Gold, and it shall direct thy paths.

THE MINISTER

Be wise in thine own eyes; fear Good and depend on evil.

THE CONGREGATION

It shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MINISTER

Honor Success with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

THE CONGREGATION

So shall thy barrels be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

THE MINISTER

Happy is the man that findeth cunning and getteth unscrupulous.

THE CONGREGATION

For the merchandise of it is begotten of the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof, fine gold.

PAN

. . . And there they lay upon the bank of scented ferns, until her sister, the west wind, drew away the grey curtain of night, while Mrs. Aurora extinguished the stars, one by one, and raised her flaming shield against the eastern horizon!

THE IDIOT

A lovely story, that! But who is Mrs. Aurora?

PAN

A light lady of my acquaintance, much given to chariot-racing, I regret to say. A noisy party, not scrupling to awaken sleepers!

THE IDIOT

Tell me about her.

PAN

Some other day. Is not one story sufficient for one morning?

THE IDIOT

Well, it was a beautiful story! I will repeat it to the rivulets on the hillside, that they may babble it over, and have it memorized in time to tell it to the sea, when they shall reach it!

PAN

Hast seen those song robins yet—the ones of which I told you? Your tutoring would help them learn to fly. Be sure now that this afternoon you go. . . .

THE MINISTER

We will now rise and unite as nearly as possible in singing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hymn number five hundred and fifteen. Hymn number five hundred and fifteen.

THE CONGREGATION (*sings*)

The Church's one foundation
Has long been lost to sight,
It now is the creation
Of greed, convention, fright.
From honest superstition,
Full long we have been free,
But still we must maintain
Re-spec-ta-bil-i-ty!

Amen!

THE IDIOT (*clapping his hands loudly, and jumping up and down with glee at some suggestion of Pan's*)

That will be fine! And afterward, we will dance!

THE IDIOT'S MOTHER (*shaking him by the shoulder*)

Stop staring and mouthing at that window!

(*The Idiot makes a terrible, inarticulate sound in reply to her. It is evident that he cannot talk to humans*)

THE MINISTER

The lesson for to-day will be found in the third verse of the thirty-second chapter of the book of Exodus. "And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, these be thy Gods, O Israel. . . ."

THE IDIOT (*together with Pan*)

O joy! O joy!

THE IDIOT'S MOTHER (*angry*)

Shut up, can't you! This is no place for such things!

(*The Idiot repeats his inarticulate noise*)

PAN

As I was about to remark. . . .

THE MINISTER

Let us pray! Oh, darn it all! I have to make this prayer longer than the first! I have to talk on and on and on and on for twenty minutes. If I talk less, I'll hear of it from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deacons. On and on and on and on! One eye on the clock, though both eyes appear shut! On and on! Is the time up yet? No! Two minutes more! On and on and on! Just filling the time with meaningless words. Ah! Time's up! . . . and hear us as we say (*the Congregation joins him*) Our Father, who art a safe distance away in a hypothetical place called Heaven, give us this day our daily bread and all the other things we want: give us, give us, give us, give, give, give! Amen!

PAN (*laughs loudly*)

You have hit it right! The interesting things in life are the difficult ones—and to prove it, this very afternoon we will hang garlands on the guinea-pigs' tails, shoe the snakes' feet, and make a portrait of the wind!

THE IDIOT

Won't that be clever of us? And useful, too!

THE MINISTER

The notices for the week are as follows. On Tuesday evening at half past seven, the Mothers' Meeting will take place. It will be attended chiefly by old maids, as usual. Wednesday evening, the Missionary Society will meet in the chapel, as heretofore. Mr. O. Phool will speak about the vital necessity of neglecting our own slums entirely, and sending out a few more or less illiterate men and women to try and uproot the ancient philosophic religion of China. All are welcome. On Thursday evening the usual bluff, very similar to this present one, will be held in the chapel. Our neighbor, the church in the next town, extends a well-calculated invitation to the members of this congregation to attend the unveiling of a perfectly ridiculous monument which they have erected in memory of the late Bishop of this diocese. They hope all of you will come and help make a good crowd. The Sunday morning Institution for Befogging the Minds of the Young will take place in the basement of this church immediately after this service. All are welcome to stay and gloat over it. You will now be fleeced of the usual money in the usual fashion. I hope you will all contribute generously. Inasmuch as my salary comes out of it, this is always a rather anxious and em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barrassing time for me. So I will retire behind the desk and try to look unconscious.

(*The Minister seats himself. The organ plays softly, and the Sexton, taking the plate from the communion-table, passes it along the aisle. The Congregation speak as they drop in their offerings*)

THE ANCIENT WOMAN

My usual small bit. The show is worth it!

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

My copper, for appearance sake. Oh, that roast of beef in the oven at home!

THE LAND AGENT

Half a dollar, or they will think my business is failing!

THE SEXTON

Stingy!

THE BUTCHER

A part of that over-charge, just in case . . . it will ease my mind.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

See what a dainty hand I have!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL

I hope that he whom I love sees how generously I give!

THIRD YOUNG GIRL

I had far rather buy a ribbon with it!

THE SEXTON (*turning from them with a critical air*)

The eldest is not so attractive after all: she has a pimple on her chin!

FIRST YOUTH

I will put in nothing, for my friend here is going to put in two coins, and if I make the motions of contributing, no one but the sexton will know. . . .

(*Second Youth contributes*)

THIRD YOUTH

I would not give this were it not that I still have enough to buy a drink with later!

THE BASSO (*to the Soprano, who apparently agrees with him*)

We are lucky to escape that. They don't pass the plate up here!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTRALTO (*to herself*)

I will keep my little coin to drop in the poor-box as I go out. (*Pan laughs, and she smiles at him, not seeing, but only hearing him*)

FIRST FARMHAND

It's cruel to make us give up part of a hard-earned wage for this!

THE RICH BACHELOR

This gives me pride! I am sure no one else will give as much as I do!

(*The Idiot repeats his inarticulate sound*)

HIS MOTHER

Shut up! Don't disgrace me just as I'm giving a decent bit of money to the plate!

THE OLD MAID

I will fumble with my purse as long as possible, that you may be obliged to stand near, man!

THE SEXTON

Ugh! There is a vile odor of peppermint about you. (*Turning away with the plate, and looking the coins over furtively*) Bah! A wretched collection! But see how magnificently I will march up the aisle with it!

(*The Sexton retires*)

PAN

Yes, dear comrade, with pleasure! Here is a handful of fresh air for you! (*He makes a gesture of tossing. A breeze blows in*)

THE IDIOT

Thanks! I drink your health with it!

THE MINISTER

Let us try to sing in the same time and key, the hymn number five hundred and twenty-four. Hymn number five hundred and twenty-four!

THE CONGREGATION (*sings*)

From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From every ancient city
From modern town or old,
We hear the single cry of
"O let us work for gold!"
Amen!

THE IDIOT

I sing, I sing! (*Repeats his inarticulate sound*)

HIS MOTHER

Be still, fool!

PAN

I laugh! Ha! Ha!

(*The Idiot and Pan laugh together*)

THE MINISTER

My text for to-day will be found in the third verse of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." I use this text because it is a popular one, one which we are all pretty well in sympathy with, and live by, conscientiously, rather than because it has anything so very much to do with my sermon. However, that is of little importance, because it is possible to twist any text into any desired meaning: indeed its breadth of meaning is dependent only upon the wit of the minister, and if I was quicker of wit, you would not stand for what I would then wish to preach. Neither, my brethren, would I be here in this stupid little town: I'd be in a swell church in a big city, where the women would make me really valuable presents! Well, I suppose I'd better get back to the text, although, of course, it's much more amusing to me to talk about myself. "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!" Reflect, dear friends, on the beauty of that thought—on its practical common sense! We all know how desirable is the ability to fool ourselves, and how comparatively few of us have attained perfection in that art. But we can—if we strive earnestly—we can *all* acquire the habit of fooling ourselves part of the time: in other words, we can do one thing with one hand, and actually blind ourselves as to what we are doing with the other, even though it counteracts the first action entirely! We can beam kindly on our neighbor and lend him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money at usury, and then give instructions to a secret partner to foreclose on that neighbor at the earliest opportunity. How simple. Yet the application of this great maxim—"Let not thy right hand know"—can be made even more simple and direct. We can, for example, shake hands with a man with our right hand, and abstract his watch with our left! In this case, plainly, our hands are doing exactly opposite things. Your innocent right hand, and your equally innocent left, are blameless because you have stood between them, obeying the precept of the great author of our text! Never, my friends, my brethren, never believe but that you can live in accordance with the teachings of the great prophets and, more especially, by the examples set forth in the book of books! Think not that all the examples set forth therein are too difficult for modern humanity to attain! It is not so, my brethren, it is not so! Did not David steal his neighbor's wife? He did! And who was it got a vineyard by a false foreclosure, but his son? Can not this sort of thing be done to-day? It can, my brethren, it can, if you will but try hard enough! And many villainies beside, all of which you can justify, if you will, by precedent in the book of books! Try it, my friends—try it, I beg of you. Strive earnestly, and you will find that you can do pretty nearly anything and get away with it, provided you come here regularly, and so, keep my job going for me. Remember, that if you are sufficiently orthodox, the Bible is infallible. Whether you live by the first half of it or by the second is really of no importance to the church. You must simply acknowledge its infallibility, and then choose your half. I advise the older part. The Bible is infallible. You believe in it: therefore you are orthodox. The Bible is infallible, but it is contradictory. So is infallibility. Infallibly so! So perhaps contradiction is infallible.

Now that I have given you a sermon you did not feel obliged to listen to (in accordance with the terms of my contract) instead of what I would like to say, I will stop. If you really knew what I honestly believe, you would be astonished. But it is better for you to remain in ignorance, and better for me. Indeed, a slightly altered form of to-day's text would fit me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admirably. "Let not thy right mind know what thy wrong is doing, lest you go mad!" (*He closes his eyes and stretches out his hands*) And now one short prayer more. This is the last, thank fortune, and the least difficult. I'll just say a word or two more. That will do. Amen!

(*The Choir sings alone, the Congregation standing*)

THE CHOIR (*sings*)

Praise to the leading social light,
And to the rich sing praise:
But most of all let's praise ourselves,
No matter what our ways.
Amen!

(*Tune, dox. 566*)

THE MINISTER (*with outstretched hands*)

Let us go to dinner! Amen!

(*The instant the Minister stops speaking, the Congregation begins to bustle out, most indecorously, all talking at once*)

PAN (*above the din of talk*)

Meet you at the door, comrade! Ha! ha! ha! ha! (*He leaps down and disappears*)

(*The Idiot rushes off from his mother, unreproved. Gradually the crowd thins out, with characteristic action on the part of the named characters, until there is no one left except the Sexton, who is busy with the collection-plate, by the pulpit. A wait. Then, into the vivid patch of sunlight at the open door, there steps the ragged form of a Stranger. He is young, but bearded, and wears a voluminous cloak of rough material. He is bare-footed, bare-headed, and carries a long staff like a shepherd's crook. The sun is vivid behind his golden head*)

THE STRANGER (*entering only as far as the doorsill*)

What a fine place this is!

THE SEXTON (*putting the collection money into his pocket and hurrying down the aisle in a fine rage at sight of the shabby intruder*)

Yes, a very fine and expensive building. But you will have to get out. I am closing up!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STRANGER (*retreats a trifle before the rough gesture of the Sexton*)

Closing so fine and large a house! Is it left empty, then?

THE SEXTON

All the week. Why not?

THE STRANGER

Empty all through the week! Then perhaps I can find lodging here!

THE SEXTON

Ha! ha! *Lodging here!* Ho! ho! That's a good one! (*They step out on to the porch, the Sexton pushing out the Stranger*) Lodging. Oh! ha! ha! Don't you recognize this place, don't you know what place this is?

THE STRANGER

What strange place is it?

THE SEXTON

Why, you idiot! It is the house of God!

(*He shuts the door with a bang, closing himself and the Stranger out. The key is heard to turn in the lock, raspingly*)

CURTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DARWIN, SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH

The Last Word of Science and the Church on the Teachings of Darwin

A SYMPOSIUM

ELMER J. KNEALE

"There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies—his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds more firmly established. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic, they teach that contraries laid together more evidently appear; it follows, then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth more true; which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth."—MILTON.

ON several occasions recently I have noted the tendency of a number of public speakers, notably ministers and other popular leaders, to disparage the teachings of Charles Darwin. This suggested to me that it would be edifying and interesting to learn just how the teachings of Darwin are viewed by the greatest intellects in the world to-day—both the leaders in science, the realm in which Darwin worked, and the leaders in religion, the realm to which Darwin is often said to be antagonistic.

With this end in view I sent letters to men recognized as leaders in science, religion, and scholarship in the principal countries of the world, requesting a statement of their opinion as to the value to-day of Darwin's contribution to scientific thought. The majority of the men of science and of scholarship sent replies; and while a few of the religious leaders asked to be excused, replies were received from some of the highest authorities in the Roman Catholic Church, the Orthodox Eastern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church, the Anglican Church and the several principal Protestant bodies.

The answers received are extremely interesting and give first-hand and definite information as to what the world's intellectual leaders think of evolution, and its first chief advocate, Charles Darwin.

The fact that every letter has been written expressly for the occasion gives this symposium a freshness and a vitality that would be lacking if it were made up of quotations from what has been written before on this subject.

Great care has been taken to secure an authentic translation of the letters which were written in foreign languages, and in every case the translation conveys correctly and fully the thought set forth in the original letter.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who have so kindly contributed the statements appearing here; and I am under especial obligation to my friend, Professor A. R. Crook, for the interest he has shown during the preparation of this symposium, and for his many kindly suggestions and criticisms, which have been an invaluable aid in this undertaking.

It is with the hope that much good will result that the following letters are presented, together with a brief sketch of the life of Darwin.

LIFE OF DARWIN

Charles Robert Darwin was born February 12, 1809, at Shrewsbury, England. When eight years old he went to the day-school in Shrewsbury. By the time he went to this day-school his taste for natural history, and especially for collecting, showed a marked development.

In the summer of 1818 the boy went to Doctor Butler's school in Shrewsbury and remained there for seven years, when he was sixteen years old. He then attended Edinburgh University for two years, and from there went to Cambridge University. While at Cambridge a friend secured for Darwin the opportunity of taking a five years' voyage as a naturalist, aboard the ship *Beagle,* which had been commissioned by the Government for a scientific trip around the world. Darwin said years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afterwards: "The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career." It was during this voyage that he received his first ideas on evolution.

In the year 1859 Darwin completed his greatest work, *The Origin of Species*. In 1871 he published *The Descent of Man*, in which he applied to human evolution the principles set forth in *The Origin of Species*. He died April 19, 1882, at the age of seventy-three, having lived to see his ideas profoundly effective not only in biological sciences, but in all lines of intellectual activity.

HISTORICAL

While the idea of evolution was alluded to by Aristotle and other ancient writers, the first investigator to treat it in a scientific spirit was Lamarck. His conclusions on the subject, which were published in 1801, attracted much attention. But with the popular mind Darwinism has largely come to be regarded as synonymous with evolution, notwithstanding the fact that others before Darwin had written on the subject. This is because Darwin established the doctrine of evolution on a grander and surer basis than had been done by the earlier investigators in this field. During years of patient toil, he collected together a great body of facts, and manifested a marvellous power of observation, so that his name stands above all other names associated with the study of evolution, and it may well be said that he was one of the greatest minds the world has ever produced.

OPINIONS CONCERNING THE TEACHINGS OF DARWIN

Most of the letters * which follow were written in answer to the following questions:

First: Do you believe the teachings of Darwin in their general outline remain to-day as a contribution to science?

Second: Do you believe that a majority of intellectual leaders are to-day inclined to accept these teachings?

* Space limitations have made it necessary to omit several interesting letters. —EDITOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Alfred R. Wallace

Famous as the originator with Darwin of the theory of "Natural Selection"

[Over fifty years ago while in the Malay Archipelago, and while unaware of Darwin's work, Dr. Wallace formulated a theory practically identical with that of Darwin on natural selection.]

My last book, *The World of Life,* shows that I uphold the Darwinian theory as much as ever. The view of Sir E. Ray Lankester on this subject is, I believe, identical with my own.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED R. WALLACE

Dr. Lyman Abbott

[As an author and scholar, no man in this country stands higher than Dr. Abbott. For fifty years, first as an associate, and afterward as successor of Henry Ward Beecher, then as editor of *Harper's Weekly,* of *The Christian Union* and now of *The Outlook,* he has been contributing to the advancement of education and religion.]

In my judgment the general doctrine of evolution is now accepted almost universally by all educated men. I think, however, material additions have been made to Charles Darwin's doctrine of struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Drummond has shown very clearly that struggle for others is as much a part, and perhaps as important a part, of life as struggle for self. On minor details of Darwinism, as distinguished from the evolutionary hypothesis in general, I am not expert enough to express any opinion of value.

Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sir John Lubbock [Lord Avebury]

[As an original author and a thoughtful popularizer of natural history, Lord Avebury has had few rivals in his day.]

Science is progressive, and Darwin certainly never supposed that he had said the last word as regards the origin of species.

At the same time, I believe that time has strengthened his main conclusion. I should, therefore, confidently answer your two questions in the affirmative.

I am,
Your obedient servant,
AVEBURY

The Most Eminent Metropolitan Vladimir

[Metropolitan of Moscow]

According to your request I hereby send you a reply concerning Darwinism from one of the best Russian authorities and specialists on that subject, A. A. Tichomirow. I enjoin myself to his statement on this subject. I believe this statement will fully answer your questions.

I ask God's blessing upon you, and I remain, with sincere esteem,

Your most humble servant,
VLADIMIR
Metropolitan of Moscow.

The question, Does Darwin's doctrine retain some value in modern science, and is it accepted now at least partially?, may be answered as follows:

This doctrine has only an historical value, but in its substance it must be acknowledged to be false. Darwin's doctrine is deprived of clearness even in its essential fundamental idea. He entitles his theory, *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection,* but he asserts, at the same time, that natural se-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lection has been the most important but not exclusive means of modification; and that the changes producing the formation of species could be effected without the aid of any form of selection; maintaining, further, that the elevating process of organization proceeded from the living world by means of natural selection. But, seeing no possibility of explaining, from his point of view, the fact of continued subsistence of the lowest forms down to our present times, Darwin sought to escape the difficulty by asserting that for such lower forms, when advanced up to any given point, there is no necessity, according to the theory of Natural Selection, for their continued progress.

We shall not be astonished that, in front of such want of scientific foundation for the theory, von Baer's assistant, N. J. Danielevsky, some thirty years ago, emphatically opposed in Russia the doctrine of Natural Selection by means of the Struggle for Life. Many other critics of the same doctrine appeared in other countries, so that in 1909, the French evolutionist Yves Delage could say, "Darwin, when first announcing the principle of Natural Selection, appeared to be a Newton of evolution; but, unfortunately, his doctrine was unable to maintain its ground in face of criticism."

The aforesaid seems to be sufficient to show that Darwin's doctrine has, for modern science, a merely historical value; and there is no wonder, therefore, that even biologists who claim to be "Darwinists" (as Bisch and Hertwig, for instance) assume the polyphyletic origin of the living world and are, consequently, denying the unity of the origin of living beings and, therefore, the very *raison d'être* of Darwinism.

A. TICHOMIROW
Late professor of Zoölogy in the University of Moscow; now Curator.

[Translated from the Russian]

Sir E. Ray Lankester

[No man is better qualified to speak on this subject than is Sir Edwin Ray Lankester. For many years he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has studied and served as professor of Zoölogy in University College, London, and as Director of Natural History in the British Museum, and as professor in the Royal Institute of London. His contributions to knowledge have been voluminous.]

I have continually written on the subject about which you ask my opinion. You and anyone who wishes to know it will find it set forth in my book *Science from an Easy Chair.*

I have no doubt whatever that the teachings of Darwin, in their general outline, remain to-day (and will remain so long as men are capable of observation and reasoning) as a supreme contribution to science. I believe that these teachings are accepted in the main by every thinker who has a knowledge of the facts. But many persons, such as some of those you name, though clever writers and prominent for various reasons in the public eye, are really ignorant of the facts and of the methods of investigation in regard to the past history of this globe and the living things upon it. Their opinions, whether favorable or unfavorable to Mr. Darwin's conclusion, are not of the slightest value, and it is misleading and, therefore, immoral to offer them to the great innocent public as authoritative. It is my strong conviction that to mislead the public by parading the opinions of ignorant men as though they were the judgments of competent men of science is as mean a thing as robbing a blind man or a helpless child.

Yours faithfully,

E. RAY LANKESTER

The Most Rev. Henry Lowther Clark

[Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne]

In reply to your inquiry I have to state my conviction that Darwin's contributions to human thought were, many of them, permanent ones. His body lies in Westminster Abbey, a few feet from the grave of Isaac Newton; and the two great men are comparable in the service they rendered to the study of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laws and workings of God in nature. This can be said without accepting all his deductions from a life-long observation of facts. There is no need to disparage the wealth of service he rendered to all subsequent investigators.

He was engaged, however, in examining the "How" of nature's laws, and herein most of his results stand good.

We must look in other directions, and with other eyes, for the presence and proof of the designing mind working from without, and for the high purposes of wisdom and power and love, which exist in abounding profusion throughout all God's works.

HENRY LOWTHER CLARK
Archbishop of Melbourne.

Professor Hugo De Vries

[There is no man living who is better qualified to speak concerning the teachings of Darwin than Professor de Vries. He has brought within the range of experimental proof certain questions which heretofore have been regarded as matters of observation and speculation alone. Concerning the Mutation theory of Professor de Vries it has been said that it is the most important advance made since the time of Darwin.]

There seems to me to be very little doubt concerning the question that Darwin's theory is still generally accepted by biologists. In fact the evolution theory is now universally recognized as the basis of all scientific research in biology.

Drawin proved:

First, that species and varieties originate in nature in the same way as they do in horticulture and agriculture.

Second, that genera, families and the larger groups must have been produced in the same way as species and varieties.

Third, that the facts of geographical and palæontological botany and zoölogy can only be explained by the theory of common descent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fourth, that natural selection is the main factor in guiding the evolution of the animal and vegetable kingdom.

Darwin assumed ordinary variability as giving sufficient material for this selection, and thereby came to his theory of a very slow changing of one species into another. At this time variability had hardly been studied after scientific methods; this was done only some time later by Quetilet.

As you may know, I distinguish between ordinary or fluctuating variability and mutability. The first is always present but does not afford the material for new species or races; mutability in my opinion is the species-producing variability, producing new forms by leaps and bounds however small they may be. This mutation theory then assumes a sudden origin of species, and not one by slowly accumulating almost imperceptible changes. This is a new principle, but still in perfect harmony with Darwin's main views.

Yours truly,

DE VRIES

The Right Rev. William A. Quayle

[Bishop of The Methodist Episcopal Church]

I am of the opinion that evolution as a theory is more generally held than ever, but not the form of the theory as propounded by Charles Darwin.

The proofs of evolution as a theory were never more wanting; but the belief in the theory was never more persistent. This is a thing I do not attempt to explain; I state it as I find it. The generalization is so wide that it has fascinated mankind. The theory still rests as a hypothesis and not as a proven fact.

Christians, save as a matter of intellectual interest, are careless about evolution, seeing that how God made His world is not our business. That He made it is a theological issue and that only. It cannot for a moment be thoughtfully maintained that evolution supersedes God. He is as necessary with evolu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion as without; and here Christianity stands in perpetual calm. God made His World; and His method suits us.

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

Professor Edouard Suess

[Emeritus Professor of Geology in the University of Vienna]

[The great life work of Professor Suess has been his study of the Tertiary strata of the Vienna Basin, also his study of the problems connected with the evolution of the earth's surface features, on which he has written a monumental treatise.]

Every physician will tell you, that no explanation of the numerous rudimentary structures within the human body can be given except by the theory of evolution. How far natural selection, or struggle for existence, or external conditions of life may have influenced the long process, is a series of secondary questions.

The origin of life is unknown; unity stands beyond doubt, most especially for all higher forms, including mankind. The objections to evolution have no more value than those that were in their time raised against Copernicus.

In Europe a tendency exists to concede a greater influence to external conditions of life than Darwin did in his *Origin of Species;* but letters of Darwin exist from later years which show that he himself began to lean in this direction (Lamarckism). But, I repeat, that is a secondary question.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours,

E. SUESS

Dr. Charles W. Eliot

[No man in America has been more potent in advancing true learning than Dr. Eliot, the greatest of all university presidents; and by no less a personage than Theodore Roosevelt he has been called the greatest American.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In reply to your inquiry of August nineteenth, I beg to say, first, that I believe the teachings of Darwin in their general outline remain to-day an invaluable contribution to the advancement of science; and secondly, I believe that the great majority of the intellectual leaders of to-day take that view of them. These opinions are held by most educated men, quite independently of the absolute correctness of Darwin's observations and reasoning. His work has profoundly affected for good the method of pursuing truth, and that, in all branches of human knowledge, including government and religion.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT

Sir Oliver Lodge

[Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of the University of Birmingham, is one of the great original thinkers of our age. He has profound faith in the ultimate unity of science and religion.]

I am surprised that anyone should ask the first question contained in your letter of April 5 (that is, do you believe the teachings of Darwin in their general outline remain to-day as a contribution to science?), since it must be perfectly obvious that the teachings of Darwin must remain forever as a contribution to science.

As to the second question, it is unlikely that every proposition will survive without modification. But the general trend of his teachings, based as they are upon most careful and painstaking investigation, is, I suppose, almost universally acquiesced in, though naturally and admittedly they cover only part of the field open to discovery, not the whole; and opinions may very well differ as to the relative proportion which the part bears to the whole.

Yours faithfully,

OLIVER LODGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Right Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle

[Presiding Bishop or Primate of the Protestant Episcopal Church]

There is no doubt that the faithful study and labors of Charles Darwin have resulted in great benefit to science.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the teachings of the majority of intellectual leaders to answer your second question.

Among theologians, concerning whom I do know something, I think that many hold their judgment in suspense as convinced that Darwinian theories are not yet proved to be laws; and that others accept them unhesitatingly; and that all of them are perfectly willing to accept them if proven, feeling that God's working by development is surely as much an exercise of His Almighty Power as would be (or is) His working by creative fiat.

Faithfully yours,

DANIEL S. TUTTLE

Dr. David Starr Jordan

[No man in America stands higher as an authority on the subject of evolution than Dr. Jordan, Chancellor of Leland Stanford Jr. University. He has made a special study of fishes; and he is the foremost authority on the sea fauna of the Pacific.]

As regards the general doctrine of the derivation of living forms through natural processes from preëxisting forms, by gradual splitting of groups, there can be no two opinions among scientific men. This according to Darwin is the main question, and practically all men having a right to an opinion agree with Darwin in this.

There is room for much difference of opinion as to the factors in evolution, and as to the part played by natural selection as compared with other factors. In my own judgment the lead-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing features of Darwin's views remain. We know much more of heredity than he did, and isolation is recognizable as a distinct factor. I lay little stress on "Mutation" as a factor in evolution.

As to the future of Darwinism, it will be greatly extended as our knowledge grows, but the main features of his work remain as a sketch map compares with a completed survey.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

His All-Holiness Joachim III

[The Late Œcumenical Patriarch of Constantinople]

Gladly I answer in few words your two inquiries concerning the Darwinian theory.

(A) I do not believe in the Darwinian theory, not only because it is contrary to the Christian teaching and the teaching of the Holy Scripture concerning the creation of beings according to species from the beginning; but also because the considerations advanced in its support do not convince me.

Neither the considerations drawn from pathological phenomena suggesting a close relationship of man to certain other higher forms of animal life, nor embryological considerations and the always widely heralded finds of fossil remains, can advance the Darwinian theory from a simple hypothesis to a demonstrated truth. And the so-called "Natural Selection," which the Darwinian theory invents, is contrary not only to the observation and experience of long ages, during which the distinctive form of their appearance throughout remains unchanged; but also to the accurate conclusions drawn from Geology, establishing conclusively that the forms of organic beings were distinct from each other from the beginning.

I pass by with mere mention the Rubicon, as Max Müller called it, composed externally of speech, internally of self-consciousness and freedom; and finally of religious and moral ability,—things peculiar to man only.

(B) I believe that the Darwinian theory has already lost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much of the ground which it had previously gained with the scientists, and that this loss is constantly increasing. In saying this I not only have in view the changes of opinion of formerly distinguished advocates of the Darwinian theory and the reaction of the modern spirit from materialistic Monism, which this theory greatly promotes, to sensible Idealism; but also the insincere behavior of certain of its ardent defenders. With safety and certainty I can affirm that those among us who are distinguished in science incline very little toward the acceptance of this theory; concerning which I probably speak no prophecy if I say that the Twentieth Century will relegate it to the realm of historic research of the past.

Wishing you the best, I remain,

In the Patriarchate, September 6, 1912,
Patriarch of Constantinople,
JOACHIM

[Translated from the Greek by Hector M. E. Pasmezoglu and the Rev. D. G. Carson]

His Eminence John M., Cardinal Farley

[Among the great leaders of religious progress in America none is more highly esteemed than Cardinal Farley. He has taken a deep interest in matters of education. In his diocese he has made Catholic education the keynote of his administration. The task of compiling the Catholic Encyclopædia, a monumental work, owed its inception and progress to his aid and stimulus.]

Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, directs me to send you the following reply to your inquiry as to the value, in his opinion, of the teachings of Darwin in the world to-day.

Without entering into the question of the service to science Darwin rendered by recording indisputable data concerning flora and fauna collected during his extensive studies, the wonder is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that scientists should ever have taken Darwinism itself very seriously.

To those not accurately informed Darwinism means evolution, of which men write and speak as if evolution were an absolute certainty as unassailable as the law of gravitation, when, at best, evolution is an hypothesis and far from an established scientific fact.

The idea of evolution had not its origin in Darwin's mind. It is as old as philosophy among men. Darwin simply advanced natural selection as an explanation of evolution; and the scientific world concluded that natural selection was an active factor and a wonderful discovery, whereas it is entirely a negative factor, and the more we know of it the less it is valued. Some weighty scientists consider it even an inimical factor in evolution.

The almost universal acclaim of Darwinism in our universities, at the end of the nineteenth century, reflects but little credit on the scientific spirit and scholarship of those days. However, many notable professors rejected Darwinism as untenable; among them Agassiz, probably the greatest naturalist we have had in America, who said, " My own studies have made me more adverse than ever to the new scientific doctrines such as are flourishing now in England. I trust to outlive this mania."

The present position of Darwinism is far from encouraging to its followers. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It has been tested in the laboratory and been confounded. A cloud of witnesses against its tenets rise up in professors of Botany, of Zoölogy, of Palæontology, and of Pathology, in the universities of Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Strassburg, Tübingen, Amsterdam, Columbia University, etc.; so writes Professor Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University, in his *Darwinism To-day*.

Neither Darwin nor his teachings have proved a tower of strength and light to science, still groping in its quest to solve the origin of life, which confronts man as an ever-present mystery. Divine revelation alone unfolds to human reason the genesis of all spirit and matter. Science knows not the origin of the main organic types and their principal subdivisions. Nor is there any evidence in favor of an ascending evolution of organic forms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Much less has science been able to show any trace of even a merely probable argument of the animal origin of man.

Darwinism has gone the way, in the world of science, of all hypotheses and systems which have been informed by atheistic, agnostic, or materialistic explanations of the origin of the universe. It might not be too much to say that Darwinism won favor and spread, for awhile, not because of its inherent scientific truth or power, but rather because of its materialistic and anti-Christian spirit, appearing at a time when the vogue of the schools was to deny the spiritual and adore the material. But truth has triumphed once more. The sublime story of the creation as told so simply in the first chapter of the Bible appeals to reason and satisfies the human soul as to the origin and destiny of man.

Very truly,

P. J. HAYES
Secretary.

DR. CHARLES F. AKED

[Pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco]

I do not mean to be in the slightest degree discourteous, but it is extremely difficult for me to get your point of view or to enter into the minds of those persons who, as you evidently think, need to have such questions as yours answered. I should just as soon think it desirable to formulate such questions as these and set myself to ascertain current opinion with regard to them:—

This publication asserts that there is a city called Chicago, and that it is situate in the State of Illinois. What is your opinion of this statement? And do you believe that the view of this publication is generally accepted by railway men and commercial travellers in the United States?

The matters about which you write me are—so it seems to me—not any more a question for discussion than my absurd hypothetical questions.

I can only imagine, and I suggest it with all deference, that the questions have been born of some confusion in the mind of somebody somewhere, confusion of the vast Evolutionary con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ception of the universe with the methods, processes, and details of investigation and argument with which the philosophy was originally presented to the world by Darwin. Darwin's system has had to be corrected by numbers of later investigators and thinkers. Nobody would state the doctrine of Evolution to-day as Darwin first stated it, nor assert a clear sight of the same processes, nor offer in its favor the same arguments and proofs. But the whole world everywhere is in debt to Darwin. A person who speaks in pre-Darwinian language is speaking a dead language. The world has not been the same since Darwin published his world-transforming books. The Evolutionary philosophy holds the field. And if a person who thinks he is a thinker thinks he thinks something different—why, it does not matter two straws what he thinks!

I am, dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES F. AKED

The Very Rev. Dr. Moritz Güdemann

[Dr. Güdemann, Chief Rabbi of Vienna, stands as one of the foremost of living Jewish Rabbis. He has especially distinguished himself by his investigations into the history of Jewish education and culture. As an author he is well known and has written numerous works.]

From the standpoint of the Jewish religion, which I represent, there is nothing in the theory of evolution of Charles Darwin that is contradictory to this religion. The Jewish religion demands knowledge, not faith. So also is her fundamental doctrine, Monotheism, based upon knowledge. Inasmuch as Darwinism may lead us into a right understanding of nature, it can be received only with welcome by the Jewish religion, which seeks to deepen this knowledge. The history of creation, as taught in the Pentateuch, does not contradict this theory. It is not a scientific treatise of natural history, but a representation—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a parable—which should remove the Gentile, especially the Babylonian, creation myths; and it contains religious significance only in so far as it ascribes all existence to the one only God as Creator. God's creative activity also remains, when viewed from the standpoint of evolution; and the confinement to a work of six days has only the object of establishing the institution of the Sabbath. I therefore answer your questions as follows:

First. I am of the opinion that the teachings of Darwin, in their general scope, will remain as a contribution to science.

Second. I am of the opinion that the majority of intellectual leaders of to-day are inclined to accept this theory.

Very respectfully,

MORITZ GÜDEMANN
Chief Rabbi of Vienna.

[Translated from the German]

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn

[Professor Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, is one of the great Palæontologists of the world. From a professorship at Princeton University he went to a similar position in Columbia University; and while still gracing that position he is now president of the greatest Natural History Museum in the world. In that museum are materials which show that evolution is a law as inexorable as the one which makes water flow down hill.]

Darwin was the most influential thinker the world has known since the time of Aristotle. His work is divided into three great divisions: First, his demonstration of the law of evolution, his greatest monument; second, his own special theory of Natural Selection, which will also endure although it is now recognized that there are other principles—in fact, Darwin himself recognized other causes of evolution; third, his influence as a naturalist and observer of the life and adaptations of animals and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plants. No other naturalist ranking with Darwin has ever lived. Darwin expressly excluded moral teachings from his writings, and avoided questions directed to this end. Many theologians have, however, found a great moral element in Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest.

Yours very truly,

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

The Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder

[No leader of the Lutheran Church in America, at the present day, is more distinguished than Dr. Remensnyder, pastor of the St. James' Lutheran Church of New York City, and president of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church.]

Both of the questions you propose, I think, must be answered in the affirmative, bearing in mind the limitations "in their general outline"; for it is well known that Darwin's theory of evolution is much modified, as, for example, his emphasis upon "Natural Selection," which is now believed to play an insignificant part. So, also, Bergson, in his *Creative Evolution,* shows that evolution proceeds in parallel lines, and often by leaps rather than in a consecutive series.

As to evolution, however, accounting for the origin of life, by mechanical processes or chemical combinations, I do not believe that this is or ever will be established. Nor do I believe that evolution accounts for the origin of man. The slight difference between the skull of the ape and that of man, is rather, as Dr. Forsyth shows, an argument against it; for the utterly disproportioned superiority of the human intellect indicates a creative gulf between them. The "missing link" between Man and Ape, I believe with Max Müller, "will continue to be missed," despite sensational modern finds. I believe that Man originated by creation, and hold with the great naturalist Cuvier, with respect to the account in Genesis: "A sublimer passage than this, from the first word to the last, never can or will come

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a human pen:—'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'"

JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER

Dr. Yen Fuh

[Dr. Yen Fuh, Chancellor of the University of Peking, China, is one of the leading educators of China, and the foremost authority of that country on the subject of evolution. He has translated much of the works of Darwin and Spencer into Chinese.]

I am now in receipt of your letter dated April 10th; therein I am requested to give a statement of my opinion in connection with the two following questions: First. Do I believe that the teachings of Darwin in their general outline stand to-day as a contribution to science? To this my answer is certainly in the affirmative, and I believe that his discovery in Biology is so grand and so great a stride that nothing except the discovery of Sir Isaac Newton in Astronomy can be compared with it. Thousands of biological phenomena which were formerly unexplained, except with theological imaginations, are now explained logically and arranged as links of a chain. The only part of his theory which has now been generally discredited is about the "Inheritance of Acquirements": but in my opinion the controversy is still unsettled; for there are conclusive instances of the transmission of acquirements, such as disease-producing bacteria, that pass through the body of a susceptible animal and are found to be increased in virulence; and this they certainly transmit to their descendants. Therefore, Weismann's repudiation cannot be regarded as yet conclusive. On the other hand, the transmission of acquirements, though this sometimes happens, must be far more limited than used to be thought by those who accept Darwin's theory without reserve. The Chinese women bound their feet for at least more than a thousand years; the feet of newly born girls are not an inch shorter nor appear to be in any way unnatural or crooked. Numberless supposed instances of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the transmission of acquirements can be more easily and satisfactorily explained by means of the theory of Natural Selection.

Regarding your second question, viz., do I believe a majority of intellectual leaders are to-day inclined to accept these teachings? To this my answer is again in the affirmative. The phrases "Survival of the Fittest" and "Struggle for Existence" are now on the lips of every Chinese who has a smack of culture or education. My humble self was the one who first introduced the term Evolution to China and have translated it by two characters, to wit: "tien-yen."

In a word, the catastrophic theory of Creation and those theories of genesis which were taught by all religions are no longer tenable. If we disbelieve the theory of Evolution, we must leave many phenomena unexplained and remain the more agnostic. The theory of Evolution does not and cannot do away with God, which is the First Cause and must forever remain inexplicable. Yours most sincerely,

YEN FUH

Dr. Ernst Haeckel

[It will suffice to say that Dr. Haeckel stands as one of the greatest of scientists and philosophers; and by some he is believed to be the greatest mind of our day. Certainly he is one of those best qualified to speak concerning the teachings of Darwin and evolution.]

My views concerning Darwinism are yet now, since fifty years, the same, which I have fully explained in many papers and books.

For a full understanding of the high value of Darwinism, as a theory of Evolution, there must be distinguished three different doctrines:

First. The general theory of Descent, founded in 1809 by Lamarck, and reformed and founded anew by Darwin in 1859, which is now generally accepted by all scientific biologists.

Second. The special theory of Selection, stated indepen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dently by Darwin and Wallace in 1858, which is accepted by the majority of biologists, but is combatted by many authorities.

Third. The special application to the Descent of Man by Darwin in 1871, as a derivation from other Mammals, which is generally accepted by most biologists; as a derivation from other Primates, and mainly from the Anthropoid apes, is combatted by many specialists and philosophers.

Respectfully,

ERNST HAECKEL

The Most Rev. Charles Hamilton

[Anglican Archbishop of Ottawa]

The answers to your questions can be found in several works, for and against Darwinism, issued during the past three years.

Whatever may be the outcome of the controversy, the world will always be indebted to Darwin as the pioneer of clear, scientific thinking.

Generally speaking, up to the publication of his *Origin of Species,* all knowledge was more or less empirical. To-day, all sciences, including Theology, owe to him a debt of gratitude for deliverance from empiricism, which the future will gladly pay.

Conclusions may be drawn from his theories which neither Darwin, nor the majority of intellectual men of to-day, could accept; but such do not constitute the real value of his monumental work. He led men to see that in the correlation of the facts of existence, or of the various constituents of all inorganic substances, lay the only road to a real scientific understanding of the universe.

But to speak or write as if the task of solving the riddle of existence had been accomplished by Darwin's contribution to evolutionary concepts, is beside the mark. So much of our knowledge is hypothetical; so many modern theories have been forced to give way to the discovery of elemental facts, that the acceptance of the theory of evolution must to a large extent be provisional.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One thing seems to stand clear, that evolution is not causation; and Darwin's own reserve on this point is significant.

ARCHBISHOP HAMILTON

by

(The Rev.) George Bonsfield

Dr. Arthur Hadley

[Dr. Hadley, president of Yale University, is one of the world's great educators and one of the best representatives of the modern type of university president. Since 1899 he has been president of Yale University, being the first layman to hold that office. Also, President Hadley is one of the foremost authorities on Political Economy.]

Charles Darwin was an accurate observer and cautious reasoner, whose teachings are not of a kind that will ever become discredited, though they undoubtedly will have to be supplemented and may have to be modified in many particulars.

The teachings of Charles Darwin were two in number: first, that most of the different forms of organic life which we see at the present day can be explained by a gradual process of natural selection, in which those types that were not adapted to their surroundings were eliminated; second, that the traits or habits acquired in the course of this process were transmitted by inheritance. Darwin never was so sure of the second conclusion as he was of the first. At the present day I understand that nearly every man who is qualified to judge accepts the first of these propositions, and that the great majority do not accept the second. It seems to me that these are essentially questions for biologists, and not for churchmen or scholars; and I would rather not try to give any individual opinion on a subject where I must necessarily form my judgment at second-hand.

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HADLEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hon. W. J. Bryan

[Secretary of State of the United States]

I do not accept the teachings of Mr. Darwin on the subject of evolution. While many students and teachers do accept them, in whole or in part, I believe that the trend of sentiment is now against them, and that the trend is likely to be more and more against the theory. I regard the theory advanced by Professor Drummond as much more in accord with our own observations. We see things elevated from one world to another when a power comes down from above, as, for instance, the mineral elevated to the vegetable kingdom and the vegetable into the animal kingdom, but we see no illustrations of a mineral rising unaided into the vegetable world, or a vegetable rising unaided into the animal world. The Darwinian theory assumes life upon the planet; that is, it does not attempt to explain life, and no theory of creation can stand which does not begin with a Creator infinite in power, intelligence and love.

Very truly yours,

W. J. BRYAN

CONCLUSION

There have here been presented the views of a most illustrious company concerning the merit that may to-day be found in the teachings of Charles Darwin. It is necessary, here, to give only a brief résumé in conclusion.

The Church

As to the way in which Darwinism is regarded by the great religious leaders of Christendom, it has been shown that, on the one hand, many take the ground that Darwin's teachings can never be reconciled with revealed Christianity, and also that these teachings are without scientific foundation. On the other hand, a far greater number of leaders of religious thought see no serious difficulty in accepting the main results of Darwin's investigations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Further, inasmuch as so many leaders of Christian thought accept the teachings of Darwin, or, at least in some degree, accept the general doctrine of evolution, we must acknowledge that this doctrine has become a permanent factor in the modification of our religious thinking.

Among Scientists

As to the leaders in science, it is clear that the authorities in the study of evolution are practically agreed that Darwin laid a great foundation of truth by demonstrating the Law of Evolution; and while, as has been said, earlier investigators in this field had a passing glimpse of the Law of Evolution, it was Darwin who first opened the eyes of the world in general to this truth; that is, that living forms are derived by means of natural processes from preëxisting forms, by gradual splitting of groups. Herein lies his great contribution, for which the world will ever owe him a debt of gratitude. If men having an intimate knowledge of the workings of nature are practically all agreed in this, what more could we ask?

Concerning Darwin's theory of "Natural Selection," there is much difference of opinion as to the part it plays in the modification of species. But it is still generally recognized that natural selection is an important factor in evolution, and that this doctrine will be a permanent contribution to scientific knowledge, though with modifications. We should bear in mind that Darwin himself never supposed he had said the last word in this matter, and whether or not we regard natural selection as important, it is secondary compared with his great work that has already been mentioned.

On the Sunday following the burial of Darwin the Bishop of Carlisle, preaching in Westminster Abbey, admitted that Darwin had produced a greater change in the current of thought than any other man. And now, after more than thirty years, during which science has weighed and tested his teachings, the majority of those who lead the world's thought pay homage to Darwin for having given to mankind a clearer vision of the sublime handiwork of the Creator in the great temple of nature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN ON THE HILLTOP

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

SHADOWS are round him in my memory—
Impenetrable shadows, peopling full
A universe where streams of heavy light
Reveal strange crouching forms of ominous doom.
As in the sun's and moon's and stars' eclipse
I see him on that hilltop; mighty wings
Flap from the sky above him and surround
With fierce and fluctuating winds. Alone,
Sleepless, he waits in his allotted place,
Amid these howling kingdoms of the void;
Defiant, sacrificed, and conquering:
Mad; but a great heart, an heroic heart.

'Twas thus I came upon him:—

When, at end
Of college years, one winter, first I learned
That, if I loved this curious human life
To which we all with blind affection cling,
I must with instant haste betake myself
To regions far from Massachusetts' coasts,
In hope that desert air would make me whole
And hearty,—as in fact it well has done.
And so I went, not fain at all to die;
And for two years lived on the western plains
At a friend's ranch until my peril passed.
There first I saw the man of whom my tale
Chiefly shall speak—a raw-boned, flaxen-haired
Sheepherder; tall of brow, with sunken eyes,
And jaw as clean-cut as a vessel's prow:—
One of those smouldering, intense, strange men
Whom no spot breeds except the northern fiords.
He had a name common in his own land—
Larson:—no common man, for all of that,
But a great heart;—twisted, awry and blind,—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swayed by strange tyrannies, the dupe of dreams,—
Yet a great heart, moving in mists obscure,
Protagonist of shadows, single-armed
Champion against the terrors of the night.

He had come hither from some eastern town,—
Pittsburgh, I think,—where his dark youth had passed
In grip of stern privations. He was born
Child of a foundry-worker, one of four,
Brought up on mill-smoke. In the earlier years
No harder was his lot than many a one
Which still, upon the whole, brings happiness
That makes life worth the living. But too soon
Poverty taught him more than any child,
Could we direct these things, should ever know.
One day, toward noontime, taking to the mill
His father's pail, he, pausing in the door,
Saw a great crucible swing overhead,
Moving along the runways of the cranes,
And then poise,—sway with rending jar,—and fall,
Scattering a hail of fire, a cataract
Of white and glowing steel, that gulfed three men,—
One man his father,—in the awful flood.
He told me this; and without words I knew
How, like the searing touch of that fierce stream,
The sight had burned itself upon his brain,—
A thing to tremble at when in the night
Those spectres rose. And unforgettingly
Had passed before his eyes the house of grief,
Where terror of the future almost numbed
The present sorrow. Then came poverty,
And vain appeals to the calm men who sat
In the mill's office with their desks and files
Of many papers; the recourse at last
To one of those grey wolves who sometimes hunt
Under the law's cloak; the unending trial
That sapped the widow's final hoard:—these things,
Seen by a child who with his mother stood,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three younger ones beside him, and looked out
Into the endless and appalling void
Of destitution, could not be forgot,
But needs must bend the corners of the mouth
And sink the eyes to sparks in their deep caves.
Before the law remediless they stood,
Smitten by chance, that untamed walks the earth;
Yet, that being true, how little did it feed
The hungry mouths! How utterly their fate
Upon them must have fallen like the blow
Of evil and malignant deity.

He never told me how he struggled on:
It was not hard to guess,—the crumpled years
Of childhood, till at last he reached that age,
So pitifully young, at which the poor
Think children may go forth to earn their bread.
Into the mills he went: there many years
He worked among the crucibles, as worked
His father once before him. But when death
Came to his mother, and some distant kin
Took the three other children, he threw off
The hateful bondage; and went wandering forth
Westward, to newer regions where a life
Not cursed with the old curse might wait for him.

He was a silent man, who made no friends
Among his lighter comrades, though goodwill
Was not refused him. He had little talk,
And that was mostly of the needful things,—
Weather, and care of horses, and the sheep.
But sometimes would a chance word start his speech
Into a burst of sombre eloquence
Or smouldering passion,—all on one fixed theme,
The wrongs of laborers. Once I came on him
Out in the stableyard, haranguing there,
With unaccustomed fervency, a group
Of scoffing sheepherders. I heard him say—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

" It is the hell-fire burning at earth's core,—
Men slave like dogs to earn the right to live
Like dogs: the profit of their labor falls
From their starved fingers. All the sightless rich
Are leagued together to oppress and crush
The laborer. He cannot lift his head,
Or down into the trampled dust they fling
Him and his children. You have never seen,
As I have, the fierce hell that, in the mills
And out of them, enfolds those living men.
No one sees things as I do! . . ."

Looking back
In memory now, I think his brooding nights
And silent days all circled round that thought,
Which drew and held him with a baleful power,
Until its image grew, towered, loomed above
All else, and blotted out the universe
With its oppressive shadow.

Once he said—
" Children of sorrow cannot be released.
They are blind, leaderless; and if Moses led,
Out of the Wilderness toward the Promised Land,
No one would follow. Now each blow that falls
Upon the race falls heaviest on their backs.
They are the buffers of misfortune."

Words
Half-biblical were his when thus he spoke,
As sometimes is the way of simple men
Speaking with earnestness from crowded hearts.

One day I said—" Surely it is some fault
That keeps men common laborers all their lives.
To good men comes an opportunity "—
He answered—" In the valley where they live
Nothing comes ever but the smoke of hell;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And their wild cries, rising, would shake the world
If it had blood, not iron, in its veins."
Much more he said, which I have long forgot,—
Wild words that seethed from out some chaos shut
Close in his breast. He was a sombre man;
Sometimes absurd and sometimes terrible.

It was that Spring—you all remember it—
When from mysterious space the Comet came
Blazing upon us. And do you recall
How, long foretold by savants ere to sight
Of human eye its shape was visible,
It stirred, among the ignorant, dim fears
And wild conjecture? So that some believed
It would destroy this globe, or with its train
Of fatal gases kill all breathing life.
We, like the rest, as the high day approached
When it should sweep most closely to the earth,
Made our bad jokes, and bantered to and fro
Talk of the hour when debts and sins should end;
And planned to die in drink; and such poor chaff.
"Larson," I said, "you, probably, alone
Will be alive on earth when it has passed—
For you are used to breathing Pittsburgh air,
And nothing matters after that."

"No, no,"
Another of us grinned, "Larson will crawl
Under his own eyebrows, and hide there safe
Till all is past."

And then we laughed again.
But Larson, who had listened to our talk
With an intentness grave beyond its worth,
Smiled not at all. He fixed on us the gaze
Of eyes like sparks,—not angry, but possessed
By some more secret vision of his own
And far removed from us;—and while we laughed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He left us quietly without reply.
And for some days thereafter, he would walk
Much by himself, and scan the starry sky
Alone at night, and mutter broken words,
And start when spoken to.

Then came the time
To send a herder to relieve that one
Who, for a month's term, had kept lonely watch
Over the sheep upon the upland ranch
Sixty miles distant. No one loved the task;
Hence in recurrent order all the men
Served out their turn. Now in its sequence due
Was Larson's month at hand,—a month of Spring.
And so we sent him out one April day,
Out from the noisy banter of our midst,
To the monotonous vigil on the heights.
I see him still as he rode hillward,—gaunt,
Ungraceful on his horse, looking not back
With any sign of parting, but alone
And facing grimly forward,—a grey shape
In the first dawnlight, growing ever less
Against the distant slopes.

In three days, came
Back from the hill-ranch he whose cheerless month
At last was over. A great boisterousness
And a great need of drink possessed his soul;
But when the first was spent, the last assuaged,
He spoke of Larson:—

"What is all this talk
About the Comet? Is it really near?
Larson has told me it is sweeping on
A million miles an hour, toward the earth,
A terrible portent, coming to rain down
Mysterious influences of evil power
Upon the world, but chiefly upon those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who labor in the mills. When it is past,
No toiler ever will draw happy breath,
But only choked with evil. They must die,
Or by the awful gases be transformed
Into corroded miserable beings
With lives of agony."

The men all laughed.
I did not laugh; for something in the strange
Fathomless shadow which I always felt
Deep within Larson's mind loomed now to me
Dimly foreboding. But the man went on:—

"He said to me, shortly before I left,
Things like a book, or like the words I heard
Once from a pulpit. He's a curious one;
This is the way he talked:—'My thoughtless friend,
The evil days have come: curses shall fall
Upon men from the heavens, but most on those
Who most are cursed already. O prepare!
For the time approaches. Go: carry to the world
Tidings from me that men must now atone.
I have thought long, and light at last has dawned:
I, only I, know wherefore this has come
Toward earth, and of what evils it is sign,
And the one hope to save the world. Atone!
Atone for evil suffered and evil done,
Ye men of sorrow! Who shall now arise,
Not leader, but apart from all, to fight
The sole and dreadful battle for the race?'
Much more he said; I did not understand
Half that he spoke besides. At any rate,
The hill-ranch is a lonesome place to be
If one has only such thoughts on his mind."

Lonesome indeed! And yet I did not speak
Nor act,—as we so often in our lives
Refrain from speech or deed until too late

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For all except regret. But when four days
Had passed, uneasiness laid hold of me.
It seemed barbaric torture, thus condemning
To banishment on solitary heights
A man pursued by demons of the soul.
So I determined on a four days' tour
To see the mountains, meaning to delay
One day with Larson, with what cheer I could
Bringing some respite to his solitude.

Therefore next morning I proceeded forth
With one good rancher. The unchanging sweep
Flowed by on either side as all day long
We traversed the monotonous sage-brush plains,
A fiery sun above us; all day long
The distant mountains slowly crept more near,
Not changing as we watched, yet every hour
More towering than the last. And just at dusk
Weary, we saw ahead the upland ranch.
I had not visited the place till now:
And curiously I scanned it as we rode,—
Saw the grey flocks grow plain upon the slopes,
And the small cabin and the stable-yard
Loftily builded. We could not descry
Larson afar, nor hear him make response
To our loud greetings. On we went, the night
Falling around us, though some silvery gleam
Still shone across the west. Ahead, the hill
Rose steep: and in that treeless land, one tree,
Shattered by wind, stood black against the sky
Above the hilltop, centring the long slopes
Toward it. And then the tree drew all my gaze
By some ambiguous strangeness in its shape—
Straight, blasted, with two stumps of limbs, confused
Masses of leafage on its trunk. My thought
Forgot the man we sought as I pressed on
Toward the stiff tree; and then, suddenly cold,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A weakness closed like fangs upon my heart:
I saw the man had crucified himself.

There on a cross of heavy beams he hung,
Nails through his feet and through one open hand,
While with the other hand he limply clutched
At the rough cross-piece. And around him clung
A dusk of agony. His sunken eyes
Opened not; but at sound of our quick steps
His lips moved feebly and he spoke:—

"Have peace.
All has been done: the evils are atoned:
They shall go by and trouble men no more.
This last curse on the bowed heads shall not fall:
On theirs it shall not fall, but mine, mine, mine,
Which has received it for the whole world's sake.
I have been chosen, I have been sent forth
Up to the hill-tops and the desert places
There to atone, atone. All has been done.
Fear not; the doom is past."

And when at length
From that most awful eminence we bore
His broken form, his lips moved, but no breath
Came from between them. And he shortly died.

Shadows are round him in my memory.
Mad; but a great heart, an heroic heart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT WILL BECOME OF CANADA?

CHARLES STEPHENSON SMITH

WHENEVER the late Goldwin Smith reiterated his prediction that the United States and Canada must inevitably be one, he provoked a storm of denunciation which has not died out to this day. The mere mention of the lamented publicist and educator still kindles the hatred of his enemies and detractors in Eastern Canada. They maintain he was prejudiced and misinformed. Perhaps he was. But the same can surely be said with greater justice of the Conservative leaders in Eastern Canada who insist that the present system of government in the Dominion is wholly satisfactory and will be maintained indefinitely.

Speaker Clark's announcement that the Taft reciprocity agreement was the first step toward annexation probably settled annexation agitation for all time. The rebuke administered to the Laurier Administration was telling. In the heat of the reciprocity campaign many Canadians took a position inimical to their own financial interests because of the annexation bugaboo. After Laurier had resigned and the Borden régime opened, Canadians studied reciprocity more carefully and it dawned upon thousands of them that their fright concerning annexation was unwarranted.

Even the least educated and most excitable residents of Eastern Canada now realize that the United States is not planning day and night to gobble up its northern neighbor. The Wilson tariff legislation has granted Canada many of the concessions it would have enjoyed under the reciprocity agreement, yet nobody whom I met in Canada seemed to regard that as a step toward annexation. In fact annexation talk is not general and when the matter is broached more thoughtful men discuss it in the light of a hoax which was used with much skill at the logical moment to rebuke the Taft and Laurier Administrations.

Canada's future will be settled by the residents of the provinces west of Ontario. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia will undoubtedly have a greater population

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a quarter of a century than the eastern provinces. While Prince Edward's Island is actually losing population and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are practically at a standstill, the prairie provinces are growing by leaps and bounds. In the ten years between 1901 and 1911 Saskatchewan grew 439.48 per cent. and Alberta had an increase of 413.09 per cent. For the same period Manitoba grew 78.52 per cent. and British Columbia 119.68 per cent.; while Ontario grew but 15.58 per cent. and Quebec had an increase of 21.46 per cent.

It was my privilege to live in Western Canada during most of the year 1913. I was in practically every city of any size between Vancouver and Winnipeg and had an opportunity to meet persons of all classes and observe the changes which are taking place. All four of the western provinces are in an undeveloped state and the two transcontinental railways which will be completed this year, together with their many feeders, will undoubtedly carry into the undeveloped sections thousands of the sturdy American farmers whose movement northward is so greatly deplored by Speaker Clark and other statesmen.

North of Edmonton there is available farm land for a distance of at least 600 miles, and the climate is said to be no more rigorous than in Central Alberta. One adventurous trader told me the country 2,000 miles north of Edmonton is capable of high agricultural development. This may be true. At any rate, the amount of land open to settlers is sufficient to meet the demands of the land-hungry for an indefinite time and Eastern Canada, Europe and the United States are sending the new provinces farmers at a rate which is highly gratifying to the railroads and business men of Western Canada.

However, the actual physical development and the growth of the new provinces interested me far less than their social and political conditions. Everywhere there seems to be an utter lack of national ideals and national standards. Canada does not seem to mean anything in particular to a large proportion of the residents of the western provinces. Neither does England mean much to a majority of the Western Canadians.

Eastern and Western Canada are widely separated. There seems to be little bond of union between them. Even the neigh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boring provinces in the west have little in common. No war has ever drawn the provinces together. They have never faced a crisis which cemented their confederation. Riel's Rebellion was not serious enough to cause great alarm, and the part Canada played in the Boer War did not create any marked enthusiasm in the provinces.

Premier Borden's plan to appropriate many millions for the English navy has met with bitter opposition in all parts of Canada. Some Canadian papers have sarcastically suggested that there would be far more reason for an appropriation to increase the United States navy as it affords Canada greater protection than the British navy.

Early last summer I was in Vancouver when the magnificent new British warship, *New Zealand,* visited the British Columbia metropolis. The island of New Zealand raised the money for this dreadnought and presented it to Great Britain as an evidence of devotion to the mother country. The battleship sailed from the Scotch shipyard, where it was built, to New Zealand and called at Vancouver on its maiden tour of the globe. For weeks the British Columbia papers had heralded the coming of the *New Zealand.* Pictures of the majestic ship and its officers had been printed. Every detail of the visit had been discussed repeatedly.

Consequently the afternoon of the *New Zealand's* arrival found probably 20,000 persons on the wharves. It was Sunday and a balmy, fair day. The peaks of the snow-capped Coast Range at the north of Burrard Inlet were reflected in the clear waters of the beautiful harbor, fringed at its entrance by gigantic firs which make it impossible to see incoming ships until they actually emerge from The Narrows and sail into the land-locked haven.

Three o'clock was the hour scheduled for the *New Zealand's* arrival. At exactly that time the mighty warrior, flying the Union Jack, glided into the inlet. Not a murmur escaped from the great crowd. Nobody cheered. Nobody waved a handkerchief in greeting to the imposing visitor.

One of my American friends accompanied me to the wharf and we stood and gazed at each other in amazement for several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minutes before we commented on the stolid indifference of the great crowd. The *New Zealand* quietly dropped anchor in the beautiful inlet and the spectators leisurely walked away from the waterfront, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

At Galveston, at Pensacola, at Norfolk, at New York or at Boston the *New Zealand* would have been given a royal welcome had she honored those ports with a visit on her maiden trip. It is true that Vancouver later celebrated the visit of the *New Zealand* with several parades and dinners and banquets. But the spontaneous enthusiasm which one would naturally expect upon the vessel's arrival was lacking. Politicians can easily arrange banquets.

When I mentioned the indifference of the Vancouver residents to the incoming dreadnought several Canadians replied that it is not customary to burst into cheers every time the flag is waved in Canada. But there surely must be something wrong with a flag when 20,000 persons will watch it float proudly into a beautiful harbor, over a new warship which is a masterpiece of the naval architect's art, and not give it a hearty greeting.

Possibly the opposition to the Borden naval policy may have had something to do with the attitude toward the *New Zealand*. The visit of the dreadnought to Vancouver may have been regarded as a piece of political strategy designed to win Canada over to the premier's plan for substantial assistance to the navy of Great Britain. However, it would seem there should have been enough Conservatives in Vancouver, which is a Conservative city, to have given the *New Zealand* a more enthusiastic reception.

In some of the Canadian cities, Victoria and a few others of less importance, ordinances have been passed forbidding the display of the American flag in places of amusement because of the demonstration Americans make. Frequent communications are also seen in Canadian papers from writers who believe American war dramas and other patriotic manifestations designed to excite Americans should not be tolerated in Canada.

Possibly some Americans are too boisterous when they see their flag. Doubtless many of them are needlessly demonstrative in Canada. But there are few Americans who cheer the Stars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Stripes without a reason. It means everything to them. It is the banner their great-grandfathers and grandfathers and fathers followed in support of the United States Government. It represents one grand ideal which is universal in the United States.

Canada lacks such an ideal. An American cannot live there for many months without realizing what a sad lack it is. American farmers who have established homes in Canada have confessed to me how great their longing is for American institutions. The Dominion is an excellent place to make money in. It is a land of future and promise, but its Government does not satisfy the patriotic man who longs for more than mere dollars and wheat fields.

In Edmonton a prominent citizen told me he admired the enthusiasm of Americans for their Government and their flag and had been instrumental in influencing the hoisting of British flags over many Canadian schools that the children may be imbued with the same sort of patriotism that characterizes American children. He frankly admitted the indifference of Canadians to their Government, but seemed to think it was a shortcoming which could readily be overcome.

I am afraid it will take more than bunting emblems on the school-houses of Canada to create a national spirit. The Union Jack does not mean much to many of the children and many of the teachers. It does not mean much even to children who are Canadian born.

One teacher, whom I met on a train between Edmonton and Winnipeg, told me of many strange experiences she has had trying to instil patriotism into her mixed flocks. The young woman was a Canadian, and very intelligent. She confessed great love for Canada, but admitted it was hard to impart her love of country to the children gathered into her school from all parts of Europe and the United States. One American boy, whose father had become a Canadian citizen, remained true to the Stars and Stripes, absolutely refused to sing "God Save the King," and would not even stand with the rest of the school in recognition of the ruler of Great Britain. Both the teacher and the father of the boy punished him in an effort to make him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conform to school regulations, but he stoutly insisted he was an American citizen and won his point.

That boy's attitude was typical of thousands of men who are less direct in their methods. Children are quick to appreciate the spirit which prompts certain acts. If that American boy had felt there was genuine enthusiasm and sincerity behind the tribute to the King he would probably have joined in the singing with a vengeance.

King George is too far away from Canada to inspire it with great admiration. While the rule of Great Britain over Canada is largely imaginary, there are enough disagreeable Englishmen in the Dominion to keep the Canadians constantly stirred up by suggesting that Canada "belongs" to England. "Belongs" is an unpleasant word. Canada is a rich and powerful Dominion. It could easily be quite self-sufficient and it is not pleasant for Canadians to be reminded by some English remittance-man that their country is merely a British possession.

Practically all over Western Canada the Canadians seem to prefer Americans to Englishmen. This is especially true in the farming section. The Englishmen are notoriously poor farmers, while the Americans are generally quite successful. The districts settled by Americans are usually prosperous and much sought by Canadians who are looking for farms or business openings.

In Central Alberta I was a guest in the home of a prominent bank manager, a very polished, refined Englishman. The banker's wife was a Canadian woman, a native of Ontario, who had moved to Saskatchewan when a child. They had been married only two years and went to England to visit the husband's old home on their honeymoon. The banker was very enthusiastic about London, but his wife confided in me that New York appealed to her much more, although she did not care to have her husband think she was unappreciative of his native country.

An English couple I met in Vancouver surprised me very much by declaring their preference for the United States. They were married in England, but lived in New York and Los Angeles for many years and then moved to Vancouver, where the husband has a very profitable brokerage business. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are two young sons in this family and both are to be educated in American colleges, as the parents want them to live in the United States. Each year this couple makes a trip to London, but the wife assured me that she would never return to her native country were it not that she wants to see her relatives.

In Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver the leading shops advertise American goods and display New York and Chicago styles, which seem to be in much greater demand than London models. Throughout the prairie provinces all the women long for an opportunity to visit the great stores in Chicago and plan their vacation trips so they may have an opportunity to see the fashions of State Street.

California is the favorite winter playground of Western Canada and is much frequented by the bonanza wheat farmers and stock raisers who want to escape the severe cold of the plains. Perhaps Jamaica will claim much of this travel after the Panama Canal is opened to traffic, but California has cast a spell over many Canadians which cannot be broken.

The United States is the magnet which is attracting the residents of Western Canada away from Great Britain and the English influences of Eastern Canada. Unconsciously Englishmen, Canadians, Galicians, Scandinavians, Frenchmen and even Indians living in Western Canada are drawn toward American ideas, and frequently toward American ideals. Most of the supplies for Western Canada are drawn from the United States, or are made by American manufacturers in Canada; and under the new American tariff Canadian livestock and wheat are moving southward in increasing quantities.

While the silent power of trade is moving Canada further and further away from Great Britain, old-fashioned politicians in Canada are beating the tom-tom and trying to persuade a restless, stirring people that they are satisfied with an archaic and awkward government, a second-hand government in fact.

Throughout Canada there is a feeling that the Dominion has always had the worst of it in diplomatic negotiations affecting Canada. Great Britain, of course, handles all diplomatic matters where the rights of Canada and the United States are affected. In questions relating to fisheries, as well

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as boundaries, Canada has never been satisfied with the results of negotiations.

Then the ramifications of the British Empire make it impossible for Canada to handle many of its affairs as it might wish. The yellow peril on the Pacific Coast is an example of the awkward plights in which Canada finds itself because of the great variety of men who are British subjects. The yellow peril in British Columbia is a Hindu peril, rather than a Japanese one, but no less menacing than the California situation. British Columbia does not like the Hindu any better than Washington does. But down in north-west Washington they forced the yellow men with the greasy turbans to leave between days. British Columbia cannot do that, because the Hindu is a British subject.

Quebec and Ontario criticise British Columbia harshly because it does not want the yellow brother; but British Columbia knows its own business and criticism from Eastern Canada only widens the breach which exists between the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboards with their widely different interests. A law preventing the Hindu from going to British Columbia unless he sails on a vessel proceeding directly from an Indian port to Vancouver or some other British Columbian port is affording Western Canada temporary protection from the Hindu, but this is only temporary, for already the Hindus are planning to establish a direct line.

Frequent indignation meetings are held in Vancouver by the Hindus who have settled there, but are not allowed to have their wives and families join them. The wail of the Hindus is taken up by the press of Eastern Canada and reflected by the British press, which sees the possibility of serious complications as a result of the discrimination against British subjects.

The fact that no Canadian enjoys English citizenship unless he lives for at least one year in Great Britain is also the source of much complaint. While there may be few men of Canadian birth who desire to attain citizenship in England, there is a general tendency to resent the provision that makes it impossible for an ordinary Canadian to acquire the right to vote in the mother country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada is rapidly assuming the New World attitude toward public officials whose services are not satisfactory. The English plan of hushing up all public scandals and sparing public servants the disgrace of wide publicity no longer appeals to Canadians. In Canadian papers there is a free discussion of the manner in which titles are conferred for political and financial reasons and a mere "Sir" before a public man's name is no guarantee that he will be spared if the press sees fit to find fault with him.

General criticism of railway rates in Canada carries with it criticism of many of the titled railway builders and brings about discussion of the part English and Canadian Government officials have played in railway development and the intrenchment of the Hudson Bay Company. There is a general feeling that the great transportation corporations are playing too prominent a part in governmental affairs and must be subjected to much stricter regulation.

In many of the provinces the officials seem to be exceedingly unwilling to meet the new spirit of the Dominion in a friendly manner, or even in a reasonable manner. Premier Raymond Roblin of Manitoba recently told a delegation of highly intelligent women who tried to enlist him in support of an equal suffrage measure that he does not believe in votes for women because his wife does not want to vote and the divorce rate is unusually high in the United States as a result of the granting of the ballot to women.

Then, after giving these very convincing replies to his fair visitors, Premier Roblin assured them he was glad they called on him and implored that they keep up their friendly tactics and avoid the militancy of the Pankhurst followers. Such representative women of Manitoba as Mrs. Nellie McClung, the novelist, were in the delegation, which left the provincial buildings in utter disgust.

All through the Canadian provinces there seems to be an indifference on the part of officials toward the modern thought which is sweeping like wildfire over the New World. Provincial and Dominion officials of all parties lag behind their constituents and talk of the greatness of Great Britain while their public is considering matters of pressing importance to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the welfare of Canada, the various provinces, and the various cities of the provinces.

In Vancouver I heard a member of the Borden Cabinet deliver a semi-political address at a dinner. It suggested the ranting of an American politician twenty-five years ago. There was much of noisy patriotism in it, a plethora of historical allusions, but precious little of interest to the modern resident of Vancouver, who wants to know about his local harbor improvements, immigration restrictions, and other live issues which will determine the future of the British Columbia metropolis.

Politicians in the United States have been forced to cease their discussion of the flood which made Noah famous and talk about the annual floods in the Mississippi Valley and other present-day matters of vital importance to the men who cast votes. Canadian politicians must do the same. In fact some of them are doing it now, especially in the west.

While the Americans who have become Canadian citizens in Western Canada participate in politics, they do not seem to be offensively active and their course is seldom open to criticism. Certainly they are not fostering an annexation movement. But like other Canadians, they show no great enthusiasm for England. I would not convey the impression that there is hostility to Great Britain. Far from it. But there is general indifference, which will probably be worse in the final analysis.

It is a long time since Wolfe won his great victory in Eastern Canada. Then that victory was distasteful to the large French population which hoped for Montcalm's success. Even to-day the great racial and religious differences prevent Eastern Canada from being thoroughly harmonious. Much of the old prejudice has been carried west by the Eastern Canadians who have peopled the prairie provinces.

Such sturdy characters as the late Lord Strathcona were a far greater influence in holding Canada to the mother Government than the governors-general, whose duties are largely social. In Ottawa or Montreal a social dignitary may have some influence, but the wheat provinces are not playing parlor politics. Real men are working out real problems in Western Canada. It is a land of action and development and expansion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Britain really has little in common with the Dominion of Canada. The great new Dominion is a child which has completely outgrown its parent. It still offers homage to a mother it does not understand, to a mother who does not understand her offspring. But the relation is unnatural. It is forced and strained. It is stilted and artificial.

Every year is widening the gulf between Canada and Great Britain and bringing the United States and Canada closer together. That Canada will eventually become a separate nation seems inevitable to students of Dominion affairs. The parting from Great Britain will doubtless be friendly and almost painless. It is sad to see a parent and a child grow apart. So it is with Great Britain and Canada.

Canada, with its unlimited resources, is capable of becoming a world power. Its location is magnificent. Its relations with the United States are so friendly that it may rely upon its mighty southern neighbor for moral support and protection in any emergency.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW IMMIGRATION LAW

ALCOTT W. STOCKWELL

I

AFTER the defeat last year of the so-called Dillingham Bill, which Congress failed to pass over the veto of President Taft, the subject of immigration disappeared from the political arena. The agitation in and out of Congress quickly subsided while the immigration problem itself apparently entered a quiescent stage. The Congressional campaign, nevertheless, has been fruitful of results. For one thing, the nation had become awakened to the importance of the question at issue; and to those who appreciated the vitality of the movement behind the Dillingham Bill it was evident that the defeat of any particular measure could have only passing significance. The victory of the opponents of that bill was answered by the introduction into Congress of the Burnett Bill, so-called, embodying the distinctive features of the former measure as well as certain features of its own.

The awakening sentiment in favor of the further restriction of immigration, which for some years apparently had been latent, began to focus itself upon Congress near the close of 1911. The opposing forces gradually concentrated at the capital. With the prestige afforded by pronounced political support and the ostentatious sympathy of the metropolitan press, the "liberals" arrived at Washington in a confident frame of mind. But the "restrictionists" developed surprising strength before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Here, for example, appeared officers of the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union of America, who were also authorized to speak for the National Grange and other agricultural societies,—representing in the aggregate a membership of several millions of voters; here also appeared the head of the American Federation of Labor, as well as representatives of subsidiary labor organizations, with a membership of national proportions. The testimony of these witnesses unequivocally favored measures looking to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

material reduction or restriction of the present volume of immigration. Emphatic protests were entered against the proposition to distribute or divert into the southern and western parts of the United States the stream of immigration now flowing from southern and eastern Europe.

The liberals stood squarely for a continuance of our present, and traditional, policy of " regulating " immigration. In general they maintained that the existing law is calculated to meet all reasonable demands; that the sensitiveness of the immigrant tide to economic conditions represents a natural tendency of the problem to solve itself; and that the imposition of any artificial restraint upon this tide constitutes a positive menace to the country's welfare. Only did the sentiment of the hearings approach unanimity when reference was made to the need of further legislation for the care and education of aliens after entering the country. Since the efforts of the federal Government are now confined to regulating the inflow of immigrants who, after passing our portals, practically are left to shift for themselves, there is an insistent demand for the extension of federal authority to supplement as well as to coördinate the present activities of private and State agencies engaged in the vast work of assimilation.

A perusal of the record of hearings before the Congressional Committee recalls at times the remark of Commissioner Williams of Ellis Island that " most persons who discuss immigration are extremists. It is rare," he adds, " to find persons who will calmly discuss the question whether or not there should be further reasonable restriction of immigration with a view to improving its average quality." But such a question would hardly seem open to discussion. Nor is there doubt that the average quality of our immigrants would be immensely improved by *reasonable assimilation* as opposed to our present policy partly of neglect and indifference, partly of exploitation. In an attempt to answer the question, Why a new immigration law?, we shall consider somewhat that phase of the problem relating to reasonable restriction. Our immediate aim, however, will be to show the inadequacy of the present law even to meet the demand for reasonable regulation. And, finally, we shall endeavor to sug-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gest, by reference to pending or proposed legislation, specific remedies for some of the defects indicated.

II

This country never has attempted actually to limit the number of immigrants—other than those of the yellow race—by restricting the tide of immigration. Its policy, so far as it may be said to have had a policy, has been that of regulation, not restriction. The present law, enacted in 1907, is intended to regulate the inflow by confining the stream of immigrants to certain channels convenient for purposes of inspection; while the inspection process serves, theoretically at least, as a method of purification by the sifting out of undesirable elements. This distinction between regulation and restriction, as applied to our immigration policy, is emphasized by the record of rejections. For many years this record has never exceeded two per cent. of arrivals and has averaged about one and one-half per cent. Thus immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913, is given as 1,197,892 immigrant aliens, plus 229,335 non-immigrant aliens (i. e., returning alien residents and aliens making a temporary trip to the United States), or a grand total of 1,427,227. The total debarred, 19,938, represented one and six-tenths per cent. of immigrant aliens or one and four-tenths per cent. of the total immigration. The principal causes of exclusion according to numerical importance were (1) pauperism; (2) mental or physical defect affecting ability to earn a living; (3) loathsome or dangerous contagious disease; (4) contract labor; (5) criminality; (6) sexual immorality; (7) insanity, idiocy, imbecility and feeble-mindedness.

The immigration law further provides for a limited regulation of the transportation companies. The steamship lines are required to furnish manifests or lists of all alien passengers concerning whom specified information must be given; they are forbidden to land any alien at a time or place other than designated by the immigration officials; and they are obliged to receive aboard and return to the port of embarkation, at their own expense, all rejected aliens. Failure to comply with these require-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments is punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. There is also a penalty of one hundred dollars for every alien brought to the United States and found to be suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, epilepsy, imbecility or idiocy, provided it is certified that such disease or affliction might have been detected at the port of embarkation by means of a competent medical examination. Such a penalty of course presumes a more or less thorough physical inspection of immigrants by the steamship lines at or before the time of embarkation. It is interesting to note, however, that this fine was assessed in 205 instances during the fiscal year 1912; and while the existence of the penalty has tended materially to reduce the number of such cases, it is evidently cheaper for the steamship lines to take some chances than to maintain a really competent medical inspection. There is an obvious conflict of interests between the Government and the transportation companies. Anything like regulation of immigration, in other words, means a greater or less reduction in the possible volume of traffic. Compliance with the purely administrative features of the law, also, which entails increased expense for additional or more efficient employees, may be and is at times resisted. The Commissioner at Ellis Island complains that the ships' manifests are full of inaccurate information which is often worse than none at all. But the courts have decided that no fine can be imposed except for failure to give *any* information; and attempts to correct this really serious abuse have proved unavailing. Again, the law punishes the "negligent failure" of steamship officials to prevent the landing of aliens without inspection. The presence of the word "negligent" often renders it impossible to convict those responsible for escapes from vessels, and seldom possible to secure anything like the full penalty.

The present law also provides for expulsion from the country, at any time within three years after landing, of (1) aliens who become public charges from causes existing prior to arrival—such as tuberculosis or insanity, the existence of which was not detected at the time of arrival; (2) those who are found to have been members of any of the excluded classes at the time of entry but escaped detection; (3) those who are found to have entered the country without inspection; and (4) alien women or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girls found to be leading an immoral life. For this last class (including aliens of either sex connected with the white slave traffic) there is no time limit within which deportation may be effected. The total number of aliens expelled for all causes during the fiscal year 1912 was 2,456, while a total of 3,461 was recorded for the fiscal year 1913. Persons conversant with actual conditions in those States having a large immigrant population assert that these figures represent only a small proportion of aliens actually subject to deportation. There is undoubtedly a substantial basis of truth in this assertion. An efficient administration of the statutes presupposes a practical degree of coöperation on the part of State and municipal officials with the federal authorities. For reasons which it is at present idle to discuss, however, this condition does not always obtain. But it is difficult to see how satisfactory results can be secured through the existing law under any conditions. The process of deportation involves several preliminaries, so to speak, each of which is essential to the end sought. Among these preliminaries is a certificate of landing from the officer in charge of the port through which the alien entered the country. The difficulty of securing from an insane alien, or from one who seeks to avoid expulsion, such data as would lead to a verification of landing is sufficiently clear; but it is equally evident that an alien cannot be deported at the expense of the steamship company responsible unless it be known by whose vessel he arrived. No one can tell the number of aliens now supported at the expense of the United States who, if the facts were known, would be returned to the respective countries of which they are citizens. Dissatisfaction has been expressed by State officials, notably those of New York, concerning an apparent lack of coöperation on the part of the federal authorities by reason of an alleged tendency to reject cases for deportation on purely technical grounds. According to the testimony of these officials the expense of supporting alien public charges is becoming an intolerable burden.

III

A significant commentary relative to results achieved under the existing statutes is afforded by a published *Statement Regard-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the Operation of the Present Immigration Law, which might be called a valedictory address by the retiring Commissioner-General of the Federal Bureau of Immigration, who resigned last June.* Starting with the assertion that the "present immigration law has but little effect in reducing or checking the great influx of aliens," the Commissioner-General goes on to speak of the administrative difficulties encountered in attempting to regulate immigration. Some of these difficulties are suggested by the failure to exclude numerous aliens who are found to be mentally or physically defective. "It has become customary," he says, "for friends or philanthropic societies to appeal in behalf of rejected aliens, and in taking such appeals little or no consideration is given to the merits of the cases, the desire being in any event to land the alien." The appeals referred to by the Commissioner-General relate to an important factor in immigration practice. Excluded aliens, with the exception of those suffering from mental or from certain loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases, have the right of appeal to the Secretary of the Department of Labor, at Washington, who is empowered to review the evidence and render a final decision. Under this provision of law there were, during the fiscal year 1912, a total of 6,269 appeals from excluding decisions, about one-half of the appellants being landed.

The limitations of the present law are also indicated by the remarks of one of the medical officers of the Federal Public Health Service who has been connected with the Bureau of Immigration for a number of years. "A considerable proportion of our present-day immigration," he writes, "is composed of constitutionally inferior, backward and degenerate humanity." But "constitutional inferiority or physical degeneracy does not, under existing law, constitute *per se* a ground of exclusion." Out of 3,236 arriving aliens certified at one port during the fiscal year 1913 "for various diseases and defective conditions, the least serious of which would bar an individual for enlistment in our naval service in any capacity, all but 198 were actually permitted to enter the country." A somewhat larger percentage of medical cases are deported at New York, however, for the reason that

* This Statement has been issued as Senate Document No. 52, 63rd Congress, 1st session.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"more frequent sailings give less opportunity for the success of the methods in vogue to prevent deportation." *

Similarly the law's limitations in regard to delinquents—although traceable to different causes—may be noted. During the past fiscal year there were but two anarchists detected and excluded, which happens to be precisely the number debarred during the previous year. No intelligent person believes, however, that this is the total number of anarchists that sought admission to the United States. A recent magazine article tends to show that the Black Hand society virtually is in control of the great Italian colony in New York City; and while the continuance of this condition appears to be chargeable in part to the local police authorities, the source of the trouble is traced to the apparent incapacity of our immigration laws to bar out the criminal classes.†

In spite of the practicability of securing foreign police records of alien criminals, and thus a relatively sure means for their detection and exclusion, our Government makes no effort to obtain this information as to the majority of immigrants who come here. Of what avail, it has been asked, is our formidable list of excluded classes if we fail to detect the members of those classes when they seek admission to the country?

Even the best laws, however, may be relatively impotent of results when administered by an inadequate force of officers. Quite pertinent in this particular are certain comments of the Commissioner at Ellis Island incorporated in the Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration for the fiscal year 1912. For lack of a sufficient number of inspectors he is unable, during busy seasons, properly to inspect cabin passengers. One of the ascertained results, to which he refers, is a loss to the Government in head-tax by reason of the listing of aliens as citizens. It would seem possible, also, that aliens of the excludable classes might take advantage of the conditions to enter the country as cabin passengers. Similarly inadequate, it appears, is the force

* See an article entitled *Bars Down to the Unfit*, by Dr. M. Victor Safford, U. S. Examining Officer at the port of Boston, in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, July 9, 1913.

† See an article entitled *The Black Hand in Control in Italian New York*, by Frank Marshall White, *The Outlook*, August 16, 1913.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of men that can be assigned to the inspection of steerage passengers. When immigrants are arriving at the rate of 4,000 or 5,000 daily, as the Commissioner points out, it is impossible "to give full and proper effect to the statutes." The inspection process at such times, in other words, takes on the guise of a struggle of overworked inspectors to finish the day's influx in time to make space for that of the morrow.

Let us ignore these various loopholes, however, and assume that we have deported a number of eminently undesirable aliens. It is one thing to deport or expel an alien and quite another thing, we may discover, to keep him out of the country. There is an unknown quantity of continuous, irregular immigration in the form of deserting alien seamen and stowaways. The courts have held that seamen and other alien employees of vessels are not in general subject to the immigration laws. They are allowed the privilege of going ashore freely "for the purposes of their calling." This privilege is grossly abused. Hundreds of aliens in the course of the year ship as seamen, stewards, etc., for the purpose of working their passage and deserting their vessel on arrival—thus entering the country without inspection. Commissioner Williams recommends that the "immigration authorities be specifically clothed with power to search vessels to determine whether aliens are concealed on board whom it is intended to land at a favorable opportunity." This recommendation is given point in an account by the Commissioner at Boston (in the Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration for 1912) concerning a group of 27 stowaways discovered aboard a steamship from Mediterranean ports. "Of this number," says the account, "thirteen were found to be afflicted with trachoma and three with favus"—both absolutely excludable diseases. But the possibility of discovery, as well as the discomforts incidental to surreptitious passage, are recognized drawbacks in the stowaway method of effecting fraudulent entry. The more respectable means afforded by passage as a member of the ship's crew doubtless appeals to larger numbers who secure easy entrance to the country through desertion of their vessel on arrival.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

The object of the Dillingham Bill was two-fold. It was intended, first, to improve the process of regulation by stopping up the loopholes in the existing law and, second, to make a beginning in the new process of restriction. The Burnett Bill which, at this writing, is before Congress, is similar in character and intent. And any future legislation, as a matter of course, will follow the same line. The main and practically the only objection to either of the bills mentioned was and is based upon the so-called literacy test which is the one restrictive feature that they contain.

Now the literacy clause as originally conceived, and in the form recommended by the Immigration Commission,* embraced a writing as well as reading test (applicable to aliens—with a few exceptions on account of close family ties—over 16 years of age) in English or some other language or dialect. In its present form, however, the writing test has been eliminated altogether and there are several exceptions from the requirement of a reading test. Thus a resident or admissible alien may send for or bring in certain members of his family regardless of their ability to read; and aliens fleeing from religious persecution, if they are otherwise eligible to land, may be admitted without passing the test. The statistics of illiteracy relating to immigration are not wholly accurate since the declarations of arriving aliens are merely recorded as given. Nor is it known what proportion of illiterate immigrants might come within the exempt classes. Statistics of recent years indicate an illiteracy of 20 to 30 per cent. among immigrants 14 years of age and over. It seems extremely doubtful, however, if the proposed literacy test would reduce immigration by as much as 20 per cent.

* The Immigration Commission, so-called, was created by Act of Congress approved February 20, 1907. The Commission consisted of three Senators appointed by the President of the Senate, three members of the House appointed by the Speaker, and three persons appointed by the President of the United States. Senator Dillingham, of Vermont, was chosen chairman of the Commission, which was authorized to make "full inquiry, examination and investigation by sub-committee or otherwise into the subject of immigration." Its report comprises 42 volumes published in 1911, abstracts of which in two volumes have been issued as Senate documents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the literacy clause has received most attention from press and public, there are other clauses of the Burnett Bill which deserve more than passing notice. The bill contains some admirable features of an administrative nature. These are designed not only to strengthen the weaknesses which have developed in the present law, but also to perfect in general the policy of regulation. The success of this policy, for obvious reasons, depends primarily upon an efficient process of inspection. The enactment into law of the Burnett Bill will mark a decided advance along this line—provided Congress is made to see the necessity of appropriations adequate for effective enforcement. One important step is denoted by a section according to which the inspection process will begin immediately after the alien leaves a foreign port. Permission is given, in other words, for the detail of inspectors, matrons, and surgeons of the Public Health Service for duty on immigrant vessels with a view to observing and reporting conditions and information of value touching the admissibility of aliens on arrival. It is also proposed materially to enlarge the staff, at all important ports, of medical officers who have had special training in the diagnosis of mental defects, and to provide suitable facilities—which are now notoriously lacking —*for effectively doing their work.*

Of great importance are certain sections of the bill which relate to the inspection of foreign seamen and the definition of their status as aliens. Provision is made, in the first place, for the listing or manifesting of seamen and their inspection at the time of arrival. These lists may be checked and compared at the time of departure and thus an accurate accounting made of desertions. A fine of $25 may be assessed upon the steamship companies in the case of every alien seaman found on arrival to be afflicted with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, or with any one of certain mental defects or diseases, provided it is ascertained that such affliction might have been detected at the time of foreign embarkation by means of a competent medical examination. The value of these provisions—in the light of existing abuses—is obvious.

Several sections of the Burnett Bill reflect a quickened sense of the need for care of our immigrants after arrival. Among

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the new features is one authorizing the Bureau of Immigration to take measures for "protecting aliens migrating to the United States from fraud and loss." Authority also would be given "to remove to their native country at any time within three years after entry," at Government expense, such aliens as fall into distress from causes arising *subsequent* to landing. Provision is made for establishing immigration stations at interior points, and aliens in transit from ports of entry to such interior points may be accompanied by immigrant inspectors.

A positive step in advance is taken regarding deportations or expulsions. To the classes of aliens mentioned in an earlier paragraph, as subject to expulsion under the present law within three years after landing, would be added (1) aliens who are found advocating or teaching the unlawful destruction of property or the doctrines of anarchy, as well as (2) aliens who are sentenced to imprisonment for a term of one year or more for crime involving moral turpitude—unless the Court, at the time of imposing sentence, recommends against deportation. If these provisions are enacted we shall be able for the first time under the immigration laws to deport aliens for crimes committed on American soil.*

The tragedy of the rejected immigrant has ever been one of the greatest obstacles to reasonable or successful regulation of immigration. The spectacle of the unfortunate alien who has burned his bridges behind him and traversed the wide ocean to the promised land only to be turned back at his journey's end, is a subject frequently exploited in the daily press and one which awakens not only natural sympathy and sentiment but, alas, sentimentality as well. And no matter whether these unfortunates are victims of misrepresentations on the part of others or of cupidity on their own part, it remains true that such tragedies are repugnant to a civilized conception of affairs. For these reasons certain sections of the Burnett Bill, which would materially extend the scope of authority over the transportation companies, will be deemed by many students the most important in the proposed law. The experiment of placing upon the steamship com-

* Excepting crimes relating to sexual immorality and the white-slave traffic which are already covered by special legislation passed in 1910.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panies the responsibilities of inspection was begun in 1907 by providing a penalty of one hundred dollars for bringing certain classes of diseased aliens. The Burnett Bill would increase this fine to $200. But of greater significance is the extension of the principle, so to speak, of inspection at the foreign port of embarkation, and the increase in scope of the steamship company's responsibility, through a penalty of $100 for bringing any alien (1) ineligible to land because unable to read, and a fine of $25 for bringing an alien (2) afflicted with any mental or physical defect of a nature which may affect his ability to earn a living—provided such disabilities might have been detected by reasonable precaution prior to the departure of said alien from a foreign port.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN PERIL

MICHAEL MONAHAN

AS a people we are suffering from too much *womanism*. It is become our besetting weakness and it may be that we are degenerating from this cause. Certainly it has made us ridiculous to ourselves and a laughing-stock to foreign people. But this is not all. Admiral Chadwick, a wise man and a courageous, asserts that by dint of intrusting our youth almost wholly to the training of women we are preparing the way for a nation of mollycoddles. And not all the Jane Addamses and Ida Tarbells in the country can save us!

The Admiral speaks by the book and puts a sure finger on the disease. He says justly that no people in the world have put themselves at such a disadvantage as we in the education of our male youth. Virtually we propose a frock or a split skirt to our boys instead of the *toga virilis*. In other words, we abandon our children in the crucial, formative years to weakness, hysteria, inferiority and incompetence (a few women of uncommon, that is to say, masculine, attributes do not change the rule). As a necessary result we are producing a generation of feminized men ("sissies" in the dialect of real boys) who will be fit only to escort women to poll or public office and to render such other puppy attentions as may be demanded by the Superior Sex! This process of emasculation is now visibly at work.

Schopenhauer is regarded as a bilious philosopher on account of his *Metaphysics of Love,* in which he with ruthless hand tore away all the illusions from that beclouded theme. But he was a prophet as well as a philosopher, for he foresaw the day when men would be driven to make actual war upon women in order to keep them in their place. Europe shook its head when the Wise Man of Frankfort uttered this strange vaticination, and thought of him as most noble Festus did of Paul, that overmuch learning had made him mad—but have we not seen his word almost literally fulfilled? . . . And who shall say worse is not to come?

The position of woman in America is, to quote the news-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

papers, the "most remarkable phenomenon of our time." Nowhere in the world does she enjoy so much privilege and respect and consideration, owing merely to her sex, and nowhere does she exert so much influence in public affairs. She is the arbiter of the social realm. Her voice is all-potent in the making of laws for nation and state—I doubt if the suffrage itself would give her a much greater share of *real* power than she now possesses.

I therefore offer this proposition, which will startle a good many unreflecting persons:

We, the American people, are now to all intents and purposes living under a Gynarchy and the symbol of government is a Powder-puff!

You laugh, yes? Well, wait and see if there will follow any reform along the lines suggested by Admiral Chadwick. Just wait until the army of feminists unmask and train their batteries upon the poor man—he will not feel exactly like Dewey at Manila!

The "most remarkable phenomenon," etc., is simple enough when you look at it in the right way. New York City offers unequalled advantages for studying it. It is the most feminized of the great cities of the world and therefore the flightiest, the most irrational and the least given to serious things. It lives for the day without thought of the morrow. It will presently have lost the tradition of great men. By way of compensation, it is developing an epicene type which unites the weakness of both sexes, a sort of man-woman conspicuous in all foolish and febrile agitations (eugenics, prohibition, female suffrage, etc.).

Whence comes all this? I think mainly through the enlistment of women in journalism, magazine work and other avocations of the sort. The American woman could not stand the strong wine of publicity: she was made drunken therewith, and her sickness is upon us. And yet, in the beginning at least, she was a passive agent in the hands of men. She has been exploited by crafty publishers, by faddists, by fanatics and other advance agents of the Millennium. It would task the skill and patience of a Balzac to expose the ramifications, the wheels within wheels,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the plots and counter-plots, and the various complexities of the *real* woman's question.

Take for example the relation of women to journalism. What chiefly makes the success and popularity of the Pulitzer and Hearst newspapers?

The support of women who, as a rule, read little or nothing else. To secure this, a peculiar species of journalism has been created by women writers, generally silly and mediocre, but on occasion shameless and prurient. There is scarcely an instance of real literary ability among these female journalists: they are selected merely for a knack of scribbling about the invariable round of petty things which occupy the female mind, especially the all-absorbing subject of Love and the inexhaustible theme of personal Beauty. These ladies may be called the Rice-powder Squad of the journalistic army, and their special function is to impart a sexual thrill to the department under their charge.

From time to time they are called upon to treat various aspects of the Sex Question so dear to New York women, and of such discussions it need only be said that they do not err on the side of modesty and restraint. Very noteworthy is it that the employment of women writers in such degree has not tended to purify the press, but quite the contrary. Needless to point out that the great popular newspapers of New York to-day arrogate a license in dealing with sexual themes which would not have been tolerated in the last generation. An obvious attempt is made to season the whole journalistic ragout with those condiments of sex which the readers of the popular penny sheets have been trained to like and expect. Much of this subtle indecency is the work of women—it is, alas, a province in which they excel the cruder faculties of men. The appearance of a woman, a young woman, in the news in connection with some scandal, or divorce, or crime of passion, brings at once the entire battery of this mephitic journalism into play. She is variously posed and photographed and, as it were, undressed for the public. Her physical attractions are described and her "points" enumerated with the mincing libidinous touch of the female journalist. All the foul crew who besiege her in the name of the press report their sensations to the public, which is thus prosti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tuted in turn. It is clear from all this that the first honors of yellow journalism fell to Sir Pandar of Troy.

Worthy journalism in New York has suffered and deteriorated from the success of the noxious article, which has been made possible largely by the immense immigration from Eastern Europe during the past twenty years. The taste is indeed rather Eurasian than American. That there has been a lowering of standards and a decline of true journalistic power cannot be disputed, and it seems closely related to the rise of women to influence in this field. With virility, the tradition of good writing and the legend of personal greatness have departed from the press:—it is to be feared that the present-day united bunch of editorial manikins would find the chair of Dana or of Greeley a world too wide for them. The press is eunuch and emasculate, given over to women's twaddle and the cultivation of women's peculiar concern, snobbery; filled with the undesired pictures of simpering female climbers or alleged aristocrats, and enlivened with the appetizing chronicle of the Four Hundred.

New York owes in large degree this emasculation and degradation of her press, once notable for its genius and authority, to the influence of women. The epicene editor will deny it in falsetto, and the hermaphrodite publisher wax hot under his 14½-inch collar; but honest men know that I speak the mere truth.

Howbeit, this wretched piffling, demasculined journalism pays far better than the old, because women are concerned with it and read the papers more than ever, thereby moving the Department Store to come across with the advertising. Don't you know that the vast bulk of money is spent for or by women, especially in a great city? That is why the big shops advertise so lavishly in certain newspapers which are much affected by women; also that is why Mr. John Wanamaker fires his mercerized French at Milady Manhattan with that unerring instinct for female vanity which denotes the born shopman. Have you noticed how little space in these advertising broad-sheets which appear in the papers daily is devoted to goods for men—poor, mere, negligible men? Trust these shrewd merchants, women are the spenders of the race—the men think *they* are, but Shad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rach, Shekel & Co. know better! And this is truth as old as humanity.

Now if you have read Balzac's ingenious history dealing with the rise of the House of Nucingen, it may have seemed to you that the great man was now and then a bit prolix in coming to the point, or perhaps even "excursed" too widely from his proper theme. But all was ordered to wise purpose, as appeared in the end.

So with the present humble argument conceived in the like spirit of truth. I still hold the clue in my hand and not for a moment has my thesis escaped me. The increasing dominance of women which bodes ill to this Republic (as Admiral Chadwick has bravely pointed out) is actually conditioned in and by the publicity which I have described. The Hearsts and the Pulitzers and the Boks, *et id genus omne,* with their constant and exaggerated catering to women, their flattering of women, and putting forward of women, and exploiting of women in every imaginable way for their own selfish profit, have brought this peril of petticoat supremacy and petticoat inferiority to our doors. They have emasculated and at the same time corrupted our newspapers. They have almost succeeded in turning our theatre into a brothel, from that indecent boldness and perverted curiosity which the advanced female now takes to be a sign of her emancipation. They have held up to our admiration as literary artists women for whom there is an aching need in the laundry or the kitchen. They have fulsomely extolled and headlined and puffed and paragraphed the spotlight-hunting suffragette, very libel as she is upon America's young womanhood. They have labored to bring about a so-called equality of the sexes, which is rather a monstrous inversion, robbing woman of her essential flower and charm. Give them a little more time and rope, and they will succeed in actualizing the nightmare vision of Schopenhauer,—men rising to crush with horrible slaughter an attempt of women to dominate the race!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE THE MONTESSORI CLAIMS JUSTIFIED?

LILIAN MARGARET DENT

I THINK they are not. I speak from the standpoint of a Froebelian Kindergartner, one who has been puzzled, amazed, yes—if the truth must be told,—rather aghast, at the wave of enthusiasm which has surged through the popular magazines. I suppose the joke, to use a slang phrase, is on us. We Froebelians have been preaching and fighting for the last forty years for greater freedom in education; our endlessly repeated plea has been that the individuality of every child should have scope; we have insisted upon the value of self-activity, while hand and sense training have been important elements in our work. We have made many mistakes in practice, but we certainly have stood for these things. So it is rather a shock to our feelings to hear a system, which enunciates a very incomplete and partial version of all these ideas as its basic principles, hailed as something absolutely new. Yes, there is no doubt the joke is on us.

The other day I had luncheon with a friend who is taking up Montessori ideas with a good deal of enthusiasm. She asked me to pass a heavy dish across the table. As it was rather far to stretch, I handed it to her little boy of seven, who sat between us, and he, proud to be called on to help, took it carefully in his two hands and passed it on. His mother breathed a sigh of relief as she took it from those eager but unaccustomed hands. "That's right," she said, "that's what Montessori says you should do." I sputtered something to the effect that Montessori was not the first to urge that children should be allowed to do things for themselves, but I knew that in her mind Montessori and self-help were tacked together with one label, and that what I might say would make no impression. Wise mothers have always, I suppose, seen the value of helpfulness and activity in a child, but if anyone is to get the credit of teaching it, it should be Froebel, because he taught the significance of self-help in a child's development, and urged mothers to do, consistently and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from reason, what they had hitherto done intermittently from a mere feeling that it was a wise thing to do.

I do not want to be taken as speaking slightingly of Dr. Montessori. No one who has read her own exposition of her work can fail to be impressed by her nobility of character, her genuine love for childhood, her ingenuity in devising means to attain her ends, her devoted and patient labor that a little more knowledge of truth may uplift the world. For these, and for her eloquent defence of childhood from the pressure of adult custom and usage, we owe her a debt of gratitude. But that she has given to the world a new and great educational gospel I cannot admit. Her system is inadequate to modern needs. Probably it is much better than the methods in use in Italian schools, but in the United States and in Canada, at least, I believe our general practice is much in advance of her. She has a very partial conception of, and believes herself to be the originator of, ideals which for a generation past have powerfully influenced the ordinary routine of our ordinary schools.

Her fundamental law of Freedom is an illustration of her incomplete grasp of principles in themselves sound. Freedom, to her, seems to mean doing as you like. That children may be able "to achieve the satisfaction of their own aims and desires" is to her an ideal state. Therefore, in her view, freedom implies independence, and the attitude of the teacher must be one of non-interference. (She addresses herself, by the way, almost entirely to teachers, seldom to mothers. In the communistic life to which she looks forward, mothers will be set free from home duties, and I gather that she expects their work as nurturers of the race to be done by expert teachers. In this she is very different from Froebel, who sought always to impress upon mothers the glory and importance of their office, and who conceived of home life as the very essence of social well-being.) The teacher then must respect the right of the child to do as he pleases unless he interferes with some one, or unless he does, as she rather vaguely expresses it, some of "those things which we must not do." "No one," she says, "can be free unless he is independent." "Any nation that believes that it is an advantage for man to be served by man admits servility as an in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stinct." "He who is served is limited in his independence." "I do not wish to be served because I am not an impotent."

Now this is all true, in a sense, and if it will teach people to keep their hands off children, actually and metaphorically, Montessori will deserve the gratitude of a world just emerging from the pious old notion that it is the parent's right to mould his child, like wax, to any form he pleases. But it is only one aspect of freedom, and to the disciple of Froebel it appears a narrow and cramping and ineffective point of view. Complete independence is impossible and undesirable. Humanity is not an aggregation of separate units, but a great body in which each member has its own powers and its own work. You may be a finger or a hair in that great social body—as such you are necessary to its perfect life—but you can never be a well-developed or successful finger or hair, except by the identification of your life with that of the whole body. We *cannot* be wholly independent. Any attempt to realize such an ideal inevitably brings about a withering of the individual life. The result is the same, whether the individual be the soured and bitter man who seeks to isolate himself from companionship, or the spoiled and whimsical child who is swayed hither and thither by his own desires. We are knit to our fellows by bonds which we cannot break; the health and happiness of our lives depend on the extent to which we get outside our own individual experiences and drink of the rich life of humanity. Such an ideal means less independence, but more freedom. Froebel says, "Even as a child every human being should be treated as a necessary essential member of humanity." "In every human being there lies and lives humanity as a whole; but in each one it is realized and expressed in a wholly particular, peculiar, personal and unique manner, and it should be exhibited in each individual human being in this wholly peculiar unique manner." His ideal state, then, is not independence, but what he calls member-wholeness, that is, complete life as an individual and complete life as a member of the human organism. Perhaps the simplest word we can get to express his idea is coöperation, though this is inadequate to convey the great sweep of his conception. He would give even a small child such experiences that he will thrill to the current of community life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flowing through him. The small circle of the family and the larger ones of the kindergarten and the school should so influence him that he will emerge into civic and national life prepared by experience for the new relationships he will find there. To Froebel service is never servility, unless it is forced. Free service is a great draught of joy nourishing the human as distinct from the personal life. Although he frequently urges the teacher to be "passive, following," and to observe and respect the personality of the child, he is equally insistent that she must give him such experiences that he will feel the blessing of submitting his will to a law higher than his own desires. She must incite the social child, as well as the individual child, to wholesome activity. His satisfaction in responding to her call is very keen. That view of child-nature which supposes submission to law to be either unwholesome or unpleasant is very incorrect. The mistake is due to our common practice of setting up our own arbitrary decisions in the place of law. Law—so that it be law, and not the whim of an adult—is not a hard prohibitive force, but the gate of freedom. Watch those boys playing a game of hockey, and see how the law of the game restrains them in one sense, to free them in another. They are not independent, but they are free in body and soul—free with a completeness they could never know if they played independently. Again, see those kindergarten children marching to music. They are being coerced by the law in themselves which responds to the law of the music and makes them step in time. One little fellow does not hear the rhythm speaking to him. The kindergartner takes his hand, and, as she walks with him, she gently emphasizes the rhythm with a soft pressure on the palm of his hand, and in a short time he wakens to the insistent call of law, and steps in time. Watch him now and see how he swings along, his whole body set free by obedience to law. Or it may be the law of the clock, which hints to the child his identity with the ordered life of humanity; or the law of the material with which he is playing which limits his independence; but, in every case, obedience means a fuller, richer life, with a health and freedom of body and spirit which is its own guarantee of development.

In the practical application of this law of freedom the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charge of incompleteness may be brought. The Montessori school-room appears delightfully free. In reality it is the centre of a coercion as binding, though not as apparent, as that of any old-time school. The children move about as they please; they go to the cupboards and choose their own playthings; when they are tired they drop their toys, or go to sleep, or wander into the garden, as they like. All this is delightful, though not, as Montessori seems to think, altogether new. But this freedom has very arbitrary limits. In their play with the apparatus they are doing the same thing over and over again, for the reason that they are not allowed to do anything else. They may choose the plaything they like best, but they must do only one thing with it, and that must be the thing Montessori wants them to do. Now, no normal child ever does want to do only one thing—ah yes, defectives do, that is the sign and symbol of their deficiency; this point alone shows the danger of basing a scheme of training for normal children on the psychology of defectives—but when, following the divine impulsion to create, he tries to do something else, the arbitrary law is put in force and the plaything is taken away. For instance, here is Tony, who has taken a wooden block something like a druggist's case of weights, in which are round holes of various sizes, and cylindrical insets with small handles, which fit the holes. Tony is absorbed in placing these insets in their proper holes. He repeats the process several times. Then he takes a small cylinder, places it in a large hole, and begins to mash potatoes. This is precisely the time when the play becomes valuable, when his perceptions—in this case of size and form—having entered into his being, are transformed by the alchemy of imagination, and emerge into the world in a new form, stamped with his own image. In other words, the value for him lies in reproducing his perceptions. But here freedom stops; the plaything is taken away. He may, I suppose, make another choice, but he must do only one thing with it.

Is this freedom? I do not think so. The old "decadent school" bound the limbs of the pupil to immobility, but this, leaving the limbs free, merely prevents him from breathing. For imagination is, to the child of this age, the very breath of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life. No, dear scoffing reader, I am not indulging the amiable weakness of the kindergartner in showing a tendency to soar. I am still on the solid ground of fact. The child's sense impressions are no use to him as mind-food until he uses them. Only by taking in experience, doing it over in the depths of his being, and giving it out in a new form, can his mind or his character develop—even as his body develops by taking in food, water, oxygen, transforming these into blood, bones, muscle, and giving them out again in the form of kicking, squirming, jumping, and all the manifold activities which indicate a healthy child body.

The place which Montessori gives to sense training is another illustration of her baffling incompleteness. She sees so far with admirable clearness, but her view is blocked as by a stone wall. That keen sense-perceptions are valuable tools in the hands of the developing child is quite true. That they, in themselves, imply or induce mental development, is an inference unwarranted by either psychology or experience. On the contrary, it is the use we make of sense-perceptions which stimulates mental activity. In the growth of thought the receptive activities are only part of the process; it is the expressive activities which induce further intellectual movement. In child-life, as in that of maturity, we must use our talents or they decay. True, in the Montessori schools the children learn to write very quickly, but that is because all the permitted occupations of the school urge them on to that very point. Reading and writing are not natural activities. The children "explode into writing," to use Montessori's own phrase, because they are not encouraged, nay, often are not allowed, to explode in any other direction. It seems to me inevitable that the Montessori sense-training, consistently applied, will produce a child with the keen sense-perceptions of an animal or a savage, but with weakened individuality, and with no power of using his knowledge except along the grooved lines of life which it is easiest to follow. The nerve centres connected with the upper parts of the brain will remain undeveloped, for want of exercise. Nature bids him initiate, experiment, test and transform with the material world in which he finds himself. He is curbed in these natural desires,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in their place is substituted an excessive exercise of the receptive powers. The result will be a child with keen senses but with slight intellectual vigor.

The danger of training the senses to a high degree of efficiency without connecting the child's satisfaction in their use with any less physical pleasure, is, in my opinion, very great. Pleasure in sensual exercises of any kind should only be a means to a greater pleasure, never an end in itself. Froebel urged very emphatically that sense exercises should never leave the child in the realm of sense, but should always lead him to a delight of a finer kind. In the light of experience, his advice seems both sensible and wise. Physical exercises of any kind must be rescued from the control of the animal impulses, and given a social, or mental, or spiritual value, if we would make of them an elevating, or in any sense an educational, agency. So, in the kindergarten, when we play, for instance, a game of hearing, one child closes his eyes, while another standing behind him sings or speaks. The actual object of the game is to tell whose voice is heard, but it is not allowed to rest there. The climax comes when, one having correctly named the child who has spoken, the two clasp hands and dance round the room to a strain of merry music. In considering the importance of sense-training in the Montessori system, it is wise to remember that even the utmost refinement of sense-activity will lead away from, rather than towards refinement of character, unless the physical activity is influenced by a spiritual purpose.

But her total neglect of the most characteristic activity of the child between the ages of three and six is alone enough to bar Montessori from the high place as an educational genius which has been claimed for her. The exercise of imagination is certainly as strong and as universal a manifestation of child-life as the instincts for counting, sorting, handling, and so on, which Montessori recognizes and seeks to utilize. Surely any scheme of training which attempts to follow natural methods must take cognizance of this trait. Yet, so far from seeing its significance, Montessori refers with evident impatience to "games and foolish stories," and while she does permit some games, she certainly has not realized the place imagination occupies in the growth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of character. That she can entirely suppress it, even in the easily-led Italian children with whom she deals, I cannot believe. But she gives no encouragement to, and makes no provision for, its development. Yet it is, from whatever standpoint you consider it, a necessary element in the growth of human character. The senses, the memory, the powers of observation, acquaint us with the materials of our existence, and we learn through these something of the tools with which we are to work in this life. But the imagination, seizing these things of sense, plays with them, dresses them up in different forms, tries them in all sorts of fantastic combinations; in short, makes something out of them, perhaps a game, or a picture, a rhyme, or a story, or some such creation of the selfhood, which reveals to the personality its own power and urges it on to more activity. So by this constantly recurring re-creation of itself, the individuality grows in strength and beauty. That is nature's way. Every healthy child is a daily illustration of the fact that there is within him an imperative necessity for the expression of his ideas in an imaginative form of his own devising.

Deal with it in some way we must—it is there, rampant. Three methods are open to us. We may suppress it, or attempt to do so—for if discouraged it will probably be indulged in secret; but if we succeed, the results to the health and happiness of the germinating character will be disastrous. Secondly, we may neglect it, in which case the child is much happier, though the wild and exuberant growth of neglected imaginative life is likely to cause grave uneasiness to sober grown-up relatives. Best of all, we may train it along wholesome lines, guard it from evil influences, and above all, we may give it scope for utterance in some form. If this be our method, the despised but amusing baby-trait becomes a strength and support to the whole unfolding character. Without it we are pinned to the earth and narrowed to our own environment. Give it material to work on, see that it is worked off in some outward form, whether of speech or music, rhyme or game, and it will be an incentive to vigorous, happy, complete living. For it is the means of utterance given to that creative impulse which is the very heart and centre of our being.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes, that is what imagination does for us—it makes us creators. It lifts us from the position of highly complex organisms, the highest known development of animal life, to gods. We are made in His image, and our imagination is the gift which brings with it that divine life. Whether it is the baby playing with blocks by his mother's side who shouts "See, see my house!" or Pietro Vanucci falling on Gerard's neck, it is the same power they have exercised, and the same joy they feel, the power and joy of creation, the most deeply-rooted power and the most satisfying joy known to man. Why, the very toaster, adorned with ribbons and filled with photographs, hung on the "settin'-room" wall, and the atrocious crazy-patchwork quilts our fall fairs unblushingly exhibit, are the desperate efforts of the work-worn and weary but still creative soul to play with, transform and re-combine the ugly elements of work-a-day life. Train it if you will, prune it if you must, but in the name of common humanity and common sense, take it into consideration and provide means for its development.

It is not in an effort to underestimate the value of Dr. Montessori's researches and experiments that I have touched on two or three of the many points in which her teaching seems to a Froebelian unsatisfactory. Rather is it to deprecate the exaggerated claims made by and for her. She has approached old problems from a somewhat new point of view, and by her eloquent exposition of what she believes to be her solutions, she has focussed the attention of the world on the important preschool years. She has aroused the Italian schools to an activity of which they were much in need. But her knowledge of the educational practice of countries other than her own is very limited; while of educational history and literature, outside of that branch which treats of the education of defectives, she seems to know very little. Let us take her thankfully for what she is worth, not claiming for her a place which she cannot fill, but gratefully acknowledging the suggestiveness of her work, and welcoming her patient search for truth as certain to be of value to the cause of education, which is the cause of humanity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EMPTY TOMB

ANDREW ALLAN

CHRISTIAN apologists, when driven to the last ditch in their defence of Historical Christianity, have always taken refuge in the empty tomb; and here they have hitherto found themselves comparatively safe from the attacks of agnostics and rationalists. But it seems that the position is far from being unassailable; and in the interests of truth another attack must now be made upon it.

To borrow an illustration from a late distinguished professor of theology: if Robinson Crusoe had wished to make certain that he was the only human inhabitant of Juan Fernandez, he would have had to search the whole island before his mind could be at rest on the subject. But the discovery of a single footprint on the sand was enough to convince him that some one else had at least been there. In the same way, the disciples would have had to examine all the tombs in the neighborhood of Jerusalem to make sure that the body of Jesus had not been transferred to one of them. They would have had to descend into Gehenna in order to make certain that the tomb had not been desecrated and the body conveyed there by the Roman soldiers. So far as we are informed they did none of these things, nor did they make any inquiry. Besides the women, only Peter and John took the trouble to visit the sepulchre, and they simply saw and believed.

The empty tomb is thus at best only a piece of negative evidence, and, as we have seen, it is always difficult to prove a negative. But it may be argued that the disciples had no need to make inquiries or investigations, because they had the positive evidence of the appearances to fall back upon. Moreover we are told that they were shortly afterward reminded by Jesus himself that he was to rise the third day. It is, therefore, not wonderful that the disciples accepted these proofs as conclusive. And it must be considered very fortunate also; for, if they had made any investigations, Christianity might have been robbed of one of its most wonderful and powerful elements.

The accounts of the Evangelists in regard to the death and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burial of Jesus are somewhat contradictory; and the confusion has apparently arisen from the ignorance of Matthew and John in regard to Jewish festivals. All Jewish sabbaths, festivals and fasts commence the previous evening at sunset. But Matthew does not know this, and John has in some way mixed up the Passover with the Feast of the Passover. Matthew, Mark and Luke declare emphatically that Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples. John says that the Jews could not enter into Pilate's palace for fear they should be defiled and not be able to eat the Passover. Therefore, according to John, Jesus died at the hour the Paschal lamb was being sacrificed, and thus proved his claim to be regarded as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Now both these accounts cannot be right, and it is not difficult to see which is wrong.

We may take it as true that a supper was eaten by Jesus and his twelve disciples together, shortly before the crucifixion. If this was not on what we would call the Thursday evening, the Synoptists would err in saying that Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples. But they are obviously right and John is wrong. John evidently confounds the Passover with an orgy of eating and drinking which he calls a feast. But the Passover was a frugal meal partaken of in haste and all that remained of it was immediately burnt. The *Feast* of the Passover was a solemn Sabbath Festival, for which all viands had to be cooked the previous day, which was thus called the Preparation. Now we see where we are. When John says the Jews could not enter into Pilate's palace lest they should be defiled, he means that if they entered in they would not be able to keep the Festival of the Passover on the Sabbath. The supper which John refers to was therefore without doubt the Paschal Supper, which was partaken of by all orthodox Jews.

The Synoptists agree that the body of Jesus was placed in the tomb on the Friday night. John says it was placed there because the sepulchre was nigh at hand, and because of the Jews' preparation. Here he is wrong again, because the preparation was then at an end, and, as Luke tells us, the Sabbath drew on. That would be a much better reason than the preparation for the hasty interment of the body. But John sees no necessity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for haste. He calmly tells us "there came also Nicodemus bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes about an hundred pounds weight." Now we are distinctly told by Matthew, Mark and Luke that the women sat over against the sepulchre and saw how the body was laid. How then could they fail to see Nicodemus and Joseph anointing and embalming the body? The Synoptists make no mention of Nicodemus, and it is, therefore, evident that we have here two accounts of two distinct interments. Mark and Luke refer only to the first interment. Matthew and John have mixed up the two interments together, and their mistake has provided matter for theological disputes for two thousand years.

Neither John nor Mark nor Luke asserts that the tomb belonged to Joseph of Arimathæa. This piece of information rests entirely upon the evidence of Matthew. We may, therefore, infer that the first interment took place in the tomb of some person unknown, and it was here that the women saw the body laid. But this was presumably only a temporary resting place, and Joseph doubtless intended to convey the body to his own tomb as soon as possible. We must remember that the sepulchre was left unguarded for one whole night, and it would be easy for Joseph and Nicodemus, if they could overcome their scruples as to profaning the Sabbath, to return to the tomb during the night, anoint the body and remove it to another tomb, which we may readily believe to have been Joseph's own, in accordance with the statement of Matthew.

Although the Sabbath began at sunset, no doubt a good deal of indoor work went on until bedtime; and the women at least had no scruples as to this, for according to Mark and Luke, they went into the city and prepared spices and ointments. It is clear, however, that they would not have done this had they known of the action of Nicodemus; so we may be sure that the anointing by Nicodemus was not done when the body was first laid in the sepulchre. But after the women had made their preparations, they rested on the Sabbath day, according to the Scripture. They could not go out during the night to anoint the body. But the night being the Sabbath was peculiarly favorable to the operations of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathæa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under cover of the darkness of that momentous night, Joseph and Nicodemus came with the spices, rolled away the stone, anointed the body of Jesus, and carried it away to Joseph's own sepulchre. They took off the hasty wrappings and left them in the grave, and then replaced the stone to preserve what was left of the spices, and prevent any midnight prowler or Sabbath-breaker from discovering what they had done. It is, therefore, easy to reconcile the accounts of the Evangelists in regard to the burial of Jesus on the supposition that there were two interments, but on no other ground.

Matthew's Gospel must have been written by a Greek, because we notice the significant fact that he reckons his day from sunrise to sunrise, while, as everyone knows, the Jews reckoned from sunset to sunset. Moreover, he evidently does not know that the day after the Preparation was the Sabbath, for he says, "Now on the morrow, which is the day after the Preparation, the chief Priests and the Pharisees were gathered together unto Pilate." This is impossible, because these devout Jews would never desecrate the Sabbath in this way, especially the "high day" of the Passover. As soon, however, as the Sabbath was ended, that is at sunset on the Saturday evening, they probably lost no time in placing their demands before Pilate. "Pilate said unto them: Take a guard; go your way, make it as sure as ye can." When they arrived at the sepulchre, which must have been after dark, they found it apparently intact. The Jews sealed the stone and left the guard in charge of the sepulchre.

How the Romans discovered that the tomb was empty we can only conjecture. But as this was a new tomb, the owner, whoever he was, would doubtless expect it to be cleaned and purified after what had taken place. Therefore, it would be when the servants of Joseph and Nicodemus returned that night, or early next morning, to remove what was left of the spices, that the soldiers made the momentous discovery which gave a new religion to the world. It is clearly to the vivid Hellenic imagination of the writer that we owe the earthquake and the magnificent description of the Angel. "His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of him the watches did quake and became as dead men." The servants of Nico-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demus, no doubt, witnessed the consternation of the Romans when told that the tomb was empty. The angel who rolled away the stone and sat upon it was probably the captain of the guard, who would have no hesitation, in the circumstances, in breaking the seal which the Jews had placed upon the sepulchre. He then, doubtless, went away with some of the guard to inform the chief priests of what had happened, leaving instructions with the rest not to divulge the secret of the removal.

Again Matthew shows his ignorance of Jewish time-keeping. He does not know that the first day of the Jewish week began at sunset on the Saturday. The Greeks divided the day and the night into twelve hours each; and the Sabbath according to Matthew ended at sunrise on the Sunday morning. He says: "Late on the Sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary to see the sepulchre." Mark, Luke and John know better, for they say: "Very early on the first day of the week," "at early dawn," "while it was yet dark," the women came "and they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus." Mary Magdalene ran and told Peter and John, and they also ran to the tomb. But although they found not the body, they made no inquiry or investigation, but "went away again unto their own home."

According to Mark, a young man in a white robe; according to Luke, two men in dazzling apparel, and according to John, two angels were seen and spoken to by the two Marys, who were informed that Jesus was risen and had gone into Galilee. These angels, like Matthew's angel, were probably Roman soldiers who quite possibly really believed that Jesus had risen and gone back to his native place. Even although they knew what had actually happened, it was no part of their policy to divulge the truth to the disciples, much less to the chief priests and elders. It was death for a Roman soldier to sleep at his post, and a very large bribe would be required to make the guard confess that "his disciples came by night and stole him away while we slept." But as there was no guard over the tomb the first night, it would be easy for them to persuade Pilate of what was really the case; that the body had been removed before the watch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was set. "So they took the money and did as they were taught: and this saying was spread abroad among the Jews and continueth until this day."

Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus are never mentioned again in scripture, and perhaps they had a very good reason for their self-effacement. If they had told the priests what they had done, nothing would have satisfied these malignant enemies of Jesus but the exhumation of the body, and the exhibition of it to the multitude—a further indignity which even those timid disciples could not contemplate. If they had told the other disciples, they would have nipped the new religion in the bud, and thus played into the hands of the Scribes and Pharisees. Quite possibly, however, they knew little about what was going forward. They were not, so far as we are informed, present at any of the appearances of the risen Lord; and if they had been they would not have ventured to deny that Jesus had risen. So these two disciples discreetly held their peace; and it is perhaps to their silence more than to the preaching of Peter and Paul that Christianity owes its success.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR ME THE TEARS

LYMAN BRYSON

IF God will not decree that you and I
Shall go thus, hand in hand, unto the end,
If there must come a time when one, alone,
Must shudder at the brink of darkness—then
May that be peace for you, for me the tears.
If it be so and one of us must turn
Back into common daylight from the grave,
Go on with living when there is no life,
Forlorn of joy in spring and sun and night,
Because of springs remembered and nights gone,
Uplifting weary eyes with decent calm
And hearing neighbors say how well 'tis borne—
That is the bitter portion. Death is peace.
If you who go ahead shall find a place
All filled with calmness, passionless and sweet,
And making it more human with yourself,
Wait there the glad day of my second death,
Then purged of my unworthiness by grief,
I'll come to you in that eternal place.
I pray that I may drink the deeper cup;
Death may be peace for you—for me the tears.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMANCIPATED

GILBERT SELDES

VAINE came into the room slowly and switched on the lights; he was tired and the soft glow of the lamps over the room, its discreet low tones and the ease of his waiting armchair, rested him a little. He threw his coat over the back of another chair and sat down. As he reached for his pipe the telephone rang. He swore softly, tried to reach the instrument from where he sat, and was finally obliged to get up.

"Yes?—This is Mr. Vaine.—Who is it?—Mr. Sheldon?—Let me speak to him. All right. Send him up at once."

He looked at his watch and saw that it was after ten o'clock; Evelyn would be in in less than an hour. Then he went to the door. The man who came in was shorter than he, and older; but they were both under thirty-five. Both were dark; Vaine was lithe, narrow-shouldered; his face was powerful, almost exuberant, and he felt his superiority to this other man who seemed so prematurely worn, and so haggard.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sheldon," he began, "but—your wife is not in."

The man looked at him quickly. "It's good of you to admit that Evelyn is still my wife. I know she is not here. I heard your speech to-night, and followed you."

Vaine smiled. "I didn't know you were in the audience, of course, or I might have been a little more moderate."

"It doesn't matter. I didn't come to discuss your theories of free love with you. I came to ask you again to give Evelyn back to me."

Vaine sat down. "My dear Sheldon," he said, "I don't know how I can persuade you that I can't *give* Evelyn back to you—any more than I took her away from you. It is simply a matter between Evelyn and the one of us that she chooses."

The man did not answer; he stood, with his coat still buttoned and his hat in his hand, playing awkwardly with a paper weight. At last Vaine went on:

"I have told you as often as you have come to see me that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evelyn is free to return to you or to leave me for anyone else—as soon as she wants to. I don't know what more I can do. You say you were at my lecture to-night? Then you heard me say exactly what I believed, apart from personalities. I do believe what I said, and I propose to act on my beliefs."

"You can send Evelyn back to me," the man asserted heavily. "You know you can. She doesn't care for your precious theories; she never heard them before she met you. Do you think it makes any difference to her what you believe? Not a bit; only you gave her an excuse for leaving me. She didn't want to go; she went because you told her she ought to go. Not in those words; I know. I know your words, too; they sound better, but they mean the same thing. You did take her away from me."

Vaine threw out his arms in an odd gesture of protest. "I told her I loved her, if that's what you mean. I don't see why I shouldn't. And when she found that she couldn't live any longer with you, why, naturally she came to me."

"Why couldn't she live any longer with me?" he asked sharply.

"Shouldn't you ask her that, instead of me? You're putting me in a rather difficult position."

"She told you why she was going."

Vaine bit his lip. "If you want me to speak brutally, she left you because she did not love you. If you want to know what she said, it was that marriage between you did not symbolize a higher bond between your souls."

"Ha! Where did she learn to say that?"

"Mr. Sheldon!" Vaine rose from his chair. "I really don't see why you have come here. If you mean that I seduced your wife by teaching her what I believed, and making her believe it, I don't care to argue it with you. Even if you are right it makes no difference to me. Suppose Evelyn was influenced by me; you had your chance to influence her. She chose me, and she is perfectly at liberty to choose you now, if she wishes. But she doesn't. As far as I can see there's an end to it."

The man turned away, and as the light fell on his weak, shrunken shoulders, Vaine felt a momentary pity. Sheldon turned to him again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You're talking without the book, Vaine. There's no end to it—for me. The thing just goes on and on. You talk, Vaine—there's no end to that. But you don't know what you are talking about. Excuse me—I don't mean to be rude. I only mean you don't know both sides; you're defending a game in which you always win."

Vaine shrugged his shoulders. "I'm very sorry, Sheldon. I can't stop to explain my philosophy to you; but I happen to be on the side of the man who wins." And as Sheldon turned to go: "If you should care to speak with Evelyn——? You know how I feel——" But Sheldon shook his head and hurried from the room.

Vaine sat down and took up his pipe. He wondered idly how long Sheldon's visits would continue; he came about every six months—this was the third or the fourth time, Vaine did not remember which. Thank Heaven he had not talked about his rights, this time. Vaine wondered whether he had really gotten over the stupid old idea, or had forgotten it for the moment. He began to read, but the man's appealing look came up before him. Damn it all, why wouldn't Sheldon see the thing properly? It was all so simple. Then he remembered that he should have to tell Evelyn about it when she came in with Paul Hunter; he looked at his watch again, read haphazard in the book he had picked up, speculated aimlessly about the probable character of Sheldon's life. Then he lit the fire in the hearth and worried himself with it until he heard the click of the elevator in the hall, and a moment later, Evelyn's voice. She came in with Paul Hunter, both their handsome faces flushed with excitement.

"Hello, there!" she cried out. "What *did* you light the fire for? Ooh! It's smoky in here. But it's nice," she added, as she came to the fireplace and stood beside Vaine. "Take my coat, dear. Oh, I forgot, how was the performance?"

"The performance? Oh, mine? All right, I guess. There was nobody of importance there, you see, so I didn't care much." Evelyn laughed at the touch.

Vaine turned to Hunter. "Stay a while, Paul," he suggested. "You got away rather early, didn't you?"

Paul drew himself a chair before the fire. "I was rather

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tired. Besides I never could stand much of the last act." And he and Evelyn began to discuss the opera.

Vaine sat back smoking and watching his wife's face; he felt its fresh loveliness more poignantly than ever, after his interview with Sheldon. He was near enough to her to breathe in the delicate fragrance of the night air that still hung about her, and to see the flying gleams of red that the fire shot through her yellow hair. Her beauty satisfied him; he liked to follow the fine upward curve of her neck and to watch the ridiculous movements of her lips as she talked. And she was looking well, her clear-tinted cheeks were glowing wonderfully.

Suddenly she leaned over to him and took his hand gently. "Anything wrong, Godfrey?" she asked.

He took the hand to his lips. "No, dear. I was simply thinking."

"What about?" He shook his head, and as Paul rose, he said hurriedly, "Oh, really it was nothing. Only I had a visit while you were gone." He turned to Evelyn. "Your husband was here."

Evelyn's hand closed over his. "What did he want? Did he ask to see me?"

"No. He wanted you—quite simply."

"Damned uncomfortable, Godfrey, wasn't it?" asked Paul. "I don't know the man."

"What did you tell him? Did you tell him I didn't *want* to go back?"

"I told him what I always tell him: that you are free to go to him or to anyone else at all—as soon as you want to. He'd been at my lecture and followed me here to have it out with me. But we didn't talk much."

"No theoretical discussion, eh? Well, did he believe you?"

"I suppose so. He said I didn't know what I was talking about, when I insisted that I couldn't give Evelyn back because I hadn't taken her. I told him it was all between Evelyn and anyone she might choose."

"What did he have to say to that?"

"Something pretty keen, Paul. He said I was backing a game in which I always won."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul laughed and stretched himself before the fire uneasily. He was wondering what Evelyn was going to do now. The flush had faded a little from her cheek, but her lip was still held high, and her eyes were quiet and deep.

"Godfrey," she asked suddenly, her voice rising a little, "*am* I free to choose?"

It struck him at once, but as he looked at her she smiled softly, and he only replied, "Free as the air, my dear. Why do you ask?"

"You wouldn't care if I chose again?"

"Chose Sheldon?"

"No. If I chose anyone." She was serious enough now.

"Why, Evelyn, it's absurd. I should care enough. But I wouldn't try to prevent you." He wondered what she was driving at; but through the wonder another question skulked, absurd and disquieting: Should he ever understand this creature?

"Why not?"

Paul rose from his chair and brushed back his long hair. "Really, Ev, if you insist on discussing this with Godfrey I'm going. It's indelicate!"

He spoke easily and with a laugh, but Evelyn rose quickly. "Just a minute, Paul. Won't you go into Godfrey's study for a little while? Don't ask any questions. Just go—please. And don't go away." He started to protest, but she led him to the door insistently. When she had closed it she turned to Godfrey Vaine.

"I have chosen," she said.

He did not answer her; only from where he sat he looked steadily at her standing up there against the door. Her face was clouded, serious; and he felt how pathetic she was in her defiance.

"You are going back?" he asked at last.

"No. I'm going—I'm going with Paul!"

He came toward her, and again his arms flung out in his odd despairing gesture. "Evelyn! Not with Paul!"

She faced him now proudly. "Why not? Since it doesn't matter to you whom I choose."

But he would not listen to her. "Evelyn, don't be foolish.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You know what I meant. You can't be angry at a trifle like that. Listen, dear, Paul is in there waiting to go home. Let me tell him to go."

"We're going together." Her breath came sharp and quick; but her voice was clear and her eyes met his calmly. "That is why I asked him to wait."

He winced under the cruelty of it, and looked at her, to see if it were really she who had dealt the blow; then he noticed that she was not looking at his face but at his hand. It was still extended awkwardly, as if he were an actor posing for a picture. He could not speak; he felt that he must put an end to her madness at once—that words were too vague, too uncertain in this crisis. He came close to her, and took her by the shoulders; his fingers pressed into her soft flesh. She swayed gently from him, and suddenly he caught her close in his arms. The smell of her hair, and the clean fragrance of her body came over him, and he broke into sobs, choking absurdly, trying to speak her name.

She disengaged herself quietly and took him to his chair. "Listen, Godfrey dear. Why are you making it hard for yourself, and for me? You know I am not doing wrong; you said to-night that I was free. Why should you spoil my happiness if I want to take it with anyone but you?"

He could not answer her, but held her hands tightly in his. "Why do you want to go away?"

"I love Paul. It would be wrong not to go with him. You taught me to believe that; now I am using the freedom you gave me. Why should you object?"

"I don't. You are free, dear. Of course you can go. But you don't love him; you can't. It's only a fancy of yours. You can't go away and leave me—so—just for a passing fancy. It's not fair—to yourself. You haven't thought—you—Evelyn, you don't know what you are doing to me!"

She rose and stood beside him. "Suppose it is only a fancy—why shouldn't I follow it? Weren't you always free to follow yours? Didn't we agree that we should both be free? Didn't my husband tell me that you were only a fancy—and that I was ruining his life—for nothing?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Godfrey lifted his head. "Your husband told you that?" he asked.

She nodded. "And now, do be sensible, Godfrey. I don't hate you; I don't even dislike you. Surely I don't have to explain to you why I am going. It's an impulse of mine and I am going to follow it because I believe it is right. Can't you see that if it's wrong for me to go with Paul it's just as wrong for me to stay with you?"

"I know it," he admitted. "Only, Evelyn—I beg you—don't go. Wait a little while—if you still want to go, I won't say a word. Only not now. Don't go now, dear. Stay with me a little longer—until spring. Listen, dear—you can't go this way."

She was crying a little, too; but she answered him. "You're making it very hard, Godfrey. There is no reason why I should wait. I have waited long enough, for your sake. Now I am going, because it wouldn't be fair to you to stay."

"But I want you to stay. Evelyn——"

"It's no use, Godfrey. Now will you call in Paul? I want to speak to him. No, not in here. Send him into my room." He stood beside her, faint with the pain of her loveliness, and as she met his look, she weakened. "Poor old Godfrey!" she said softly. "You'll get over me"; and she kissed him quietly. "Good-bye," she whispered.

He opened her door for her, and crossed the room. "Paul!" he called, and as Paul came into the room he pointed to Evelyn's door. "Go in there. She wants you."

For a moment Paul stood still, looking at him. It was absurd, but for the first time in his life he was more interested in Godfrey than in Godfrey's wife. He wanted to stop and ask what Godfrey meant in the whole affair. But through the open door he heard Evelyn moving restlessly about. So he shrugged his shoulders and went in.

When he was alone Godfrey Vaine sat down in his chair and stared stupidly into the fire; its warm glow comforted him, and he put his hands out to it, as if he were cold. But the warmth did not reach to his heart, which was numb and dead. The house he had built was suddenly shattered—it broke and fell crashing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about him. He could not think. He did not try to realize what had happened to him, nor to think of the future. Words came to his mind, and queer phrases of which he used to be fond, years ago. Then he found himself repeating senselessly a line of poetry; he knew he had it wrong and it made him unaccountably angry. At last, without any effort on his part it came right: Now is there nothing serious in mortality! Nothing serious—he dwelt on the words; why this was the most serious moment of his life. But the line was right. After this nothing could be serious; nothing could be happy. He rose and began pacing up and down the room, carefully avoiding the door. Once in a while he heard their voices, but he could not even catch the tone. He began to smoke again. He was not thinking, only walking up and down and waiting for it to end. He was not thinking, he told himself, because there was nothing to think about. Nothing. It was all over. But——

What the devil were they saying to each other in there?

He stopped walking and faced the door as if he would shout the question aloud. What did they have to say to each other? Good Heavens, didn't Paul want her? Then what remained to be said? And if Paul refused at the end. . . . ? His hand shot out fiercely, but dropped again. Why, if Paul refused they would keep on living together, that was what he had wanted all along. But it would be hard; things wouldn't be quite the same now. What were they talking about? Did they have to go over the whole thing from the start? He jerked out his watch angrily; it was after twelve o'clock; this was no time to decide a question. They ought to wait; they ought to be more considerate of him. He shivered and went to the fire again; well, after all they were thinking of their lives, not of his.

He sat down at last and began to think. His mind was clear now, dreadfully clear, and he went over the whole affair, working it out carefully. He wondered what Sheldon's visit had to do with it; what a bizarre coincidence that he should come this night when—Good God, when he himself was being put in Sheldon's place! And by Sheldon's wife! And yet it was different. He hadn't been able to talk things over with Evelyn as Paul was talking things over now; they had been forced to shamefaced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little clandestine meetings which both of them hated. He remembered the first time that Evelyn's name had slipped out in Sheldon's presence; he remembered the first time Evelyn had come to him, tearful but brave, asking him to compromise her and have done with the mean disgraces of their lives. He had refused, of course, and insisted that they go back and tell Sheldon openly what they intended to do. He couldn't do less in support of his theory.

He had come to it at last—his precious theory as Sheldon had called it. What did it all matter now? He did not even stop to go over it. Pressing closer and closer about his brain the terrible fact was that in the next room Evelyn was preparing to go with her lover. And he himself had sent Paul in! If he had been a man he would have driven him from the house; that is what Sheldon had tried to do. A jagged flash of pain shot through him, and as if by its light he saw things in weird silhouette but clearly. Sheldon the conventional, formula-ridden slaveholder, and he, the emancipated apostle of free-love, were the same. They both talked—Sheldon about duties and he about rights—but at this moment of testing they both held firm to the same thing. They both wanted to hold Evelyn, even against herself. They both loved her and wanted her to be happy—oh, he wanted her to be happy—but their love for her rose to dizzy heights of selfishness, because they wanted her to be happy *with them!*

And then from the dolorous muddle of his soul something clear crept out; he felt it coming and tried to kill it before it found utterance, for he knew it to be treacherous even to himself. But as he fought he knew that it would come out. And at last he gave it words, speaking softly to himself.

He was tired of it all! O God, how tired he was of the whole life, with its endless jabbering about free love and emancipation and the rest of the cultivated jargon. And if Evelyn went with Paul—he could go away! He would be free! And again a line came into his head: I say to you that love is free! He laughed. It was not love that was free; why at that moment love was grappling him with hoops of steel to a bondage he detested. When love left he would be free. He could go away, to Arizona at last; he could stop writing his passionate little books. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could stop talking. They were still talking—there behind the door.

The door opened and Evelyn and Paul came out. Why had Evelyn been crying? He looked at Paul for the answer, but Paul gave no sign; he was nerveless, impatient. Evelyn came to him; he realized dully that she was appealing to him, in the only way she knew; and as she came it ate into his heart again that she was going away. She knelt beside him and he saw her tear-stained face lit again with all the wonder and the lure that had first made her so precious. Why? Why was she coming to him like this?

"Listen, Godfrey — we're going away. You won't mind——?"

He rose and went away from her. "For pity's sake, Evelyn, let's not go into that!" He looked at Paul. "Well?"

"Evelyn wants to say something else to you."

"I don't want you to be angry at me, Godfrey. I want you to see it is something perfectly natural for me to go—just as it was for me to come. I want always to be free to choose—even to change my mind."

He looked at her, stupidly waiting for her to go on. He felt that if he had ever understood her, even for one moment, this thing could never have happened. But did anyone ever understand? She was at his side again crying softly.

"I mean, Godfrey dear, if I found I had made a mistake; if I wanted to come back . . ."

"No!"

Now he was free! Now he understood! He did not know why he had said that, but he did not care. He was free at last, and before Evelyn's frightened gasp had died in her throat he was speaking again, very fast, very loud. "No! If you go now you go forever. You came to me and ruined one man's life; now you are going away and are ruining another. But it is the end. You will not come back. You mustn't. It's ended. And you, Paul, when you take her you take her forever." Then suddenly he was calm again and he laughed. "At least as far as I am concerned. I can't speak for others."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They were both staring at him as if he were gone mad. At last Paul turned. "I don't see your point, Vaine. You told Evelyn she was free to choose; what difference can it make between you if she does?"

"No difference. Only I may not choose at the moment she does. You're talking free love to me, Paul; you're teaching me. But it's too late. I've learned the whole lesson." And as he spoke he felt that with each word the mystery was becoming clearer; he had rent the veil at last. Then he heard Evelyn crying.

"Godfrey!" she moaned. Again the pain at his heart. "Do you want me to go?"

He did not answer at first; for a moment he saw himself a thousand miles away from this miserable world. The next moment he saw Evelyn crouched in her chair and crying, disconsolate. He shook his head wearily. "No, dear."

"Then if you love me why should this make any difference?"

She touched him, then; he felt the meanness, the impossibility of answering her with theorizing. "I don't know, dear. I can't understand it myself. But it does. Why does it make any difference to you? Why should you think about afterwards?"

"Oh, Godfrey——" she was sobbing unrestrainedly now and her words came oddly distorted—"I can't tell you why. I can't explain anything. I love Paul—I can't help it. Why do you want me to stay if I won't be happy with you?" He shook his head wearily. "Then why—if I'll want you again——?"

"No!"

The circle was complete; there was nothing more to say. But Evelyn still lay back in her chair crying weakly and moaning, "I don't see why. I don't see why!" It struck Godfrey suddenly that the whole scene was brutally wrong, with Paul Hunter standing behind them and waiting. He turned to him.

"For God's sake, Paul, put an end to this!"

Paul stood still, kicking his toe into the carpet. "I hope you'll believe me, Vaine, that I didn't ask Evelyn to do this?"

"I don't care a damn what you did. I'm asking you to put an end to it for Evelyn's sake."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul went to her. She raised her head and looked into his face. "Paul!"

"It's absurd, Evelyn. You have to put an end to it yourself. Will you come with me now—for good?"

"How?"

"In our own way."

She looked at him sadly through her tears. "I can't!" The bitter flood of renunciation rose in her and choked her with tears. He took her hand and said something, but she did not know what. Then she knew that he was gone, and she cried out his name, brokenly.

After a long time she felt Godfrey's hand on her shoulder. "You had better go to bed, dear," he said gently. And even in her beaten broken heart she pitied him.

"Oh, Godfrey, Godfrey, I couldn't help it! You told me it was right. Then why are we both so unhappy? Why can't I feel the same to you? I don't—I can't any more. But I couldn't go with him; I knew he would send me away—and then—and then—Godfrey, don't you send me away, now—I couldn't stand it—I couldn't——" Then words, too, came to an end and she cried hysterically in his arms.

He helped her to undress and as she lay, her sobs came regularly with each breath, deep and bitter. She had taken his hand and was pressing it against her cheek. He felt it growing numb, and at last when he thought she was asleep he tried gently to remove it. But she woke, and began to cry again, as if in her dreams. So he still sat there captive, waiting for the night to break.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ET TU, BRUTE"

AGNES F. O'NEILL

OF flies we have heard, until even the most immigrant of mothers is in a fair way to become aware of her dangers. Difficult must it be for her now to escape the urgent ministrations of the zealous "Worker" whose slogan is hygiene and whose fervid utterance is most easily aroused when opportunity is given to dilate upon that universally pestiferous, persistently recurring germ-distributor the Fly.

We all know about the baby's bottle. We also have most distinct impressions concerning the large size of a fly's foot, as compared with the smallness of a deadly germ. Do we not realize fully by now how multitudinous may be the chances of infection when all six feet of even one fly may be involved in the germ-carrying business? Truly the distance between our most delicately, hygienically, and antiseptically reared children and noisome disease is not great so long as there is an unprotected crack or corner in our screened houses for the insect in question to enter.

There has been what one might call the Propaganda of the Fly, and interesting have been many of its phases. With even a little effort whole sections of the country have been awakened to a sense of greater comfort and cleanliness in this direction. Apart from the well-known campaign as organized by Professor Hodge and the consequent freeing from flies of practically the whole city of Worcester, and of the towns fortunate enough to receive his emissaries, there have been numerous smaller attempts, inspired largely by his example, which proved by their success how quickly an idea may, in this prodigious country of ours, take root and flourish. A group of girls, for instance, in a country boarding-school, fired by the desire to do something "civic," gave a free illustrated lecture in the nearby Town Hall on the general subject of flies, and then offered an award for the person presenting the greatest number at the end of the summer. Small boys were interested, and the result was something like forty-nine quarts of noxiousness caught in fly traps given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the school. Also it may be stated that more screens were bought from the General Store and of the carpenter that season than had been known in all preceding summers put together. These results lack the amusing elements which entered somewhat largely into certain of the more organized efforts at extermination. The small boys concerned with this fly-catching did not put their ingenuity to work as did a group elsewhere, and learn how to breed flies for the sake of a larger "catch." Forty-nine quarts caught in a whole town sounds very little as compared to a barrelfull produced by one boy! But for the catching of legitimate flies, so to speak, the former instance is an average report of the sort of thing one can expect with slight effort. For this kind of private enterprise there is, of course, still room, and individuals wishing to help on the community in which they live can doubtless find many as yet untried fields for their activities, notwithstanding the already widespread knowledge of the subject.

The slaughter of the incipiently guilty has less zest than formerly, however, when the propaganda was in its first freshness. We have slightly reacted from the ardor of first realization. Common sense has come to our rescue, and we know that, generally speaking, sound health is the positive preventative for disease distributed by flies as well as that acquired in other ways; killing and excluding is but the negative method of security. What killing was ever more than a confession of weakness and an admission of fear? With ourselves we know that wholesome living, sanity in eating, sleeping and in thinking can go a long way toward keeping us unpredisposed to illness. Just so, seeing that places are too sweet and clean to admit of becoming breeding centres would be the positive method of attacking the germ problem. Along the same line of thought we are led to wonder whether the killing of human beings for any cause whatsoever is not because of our previous failure to meet a situation wisely. But here we touch upon a new propaganda leading straight to The Hague Tribunal, and that is a far cry from flies!

At any rate, we worry less than we used to do when flies are about, although the "swatter," professionally done up in wire and wood, or amateurishly confined to folded newspaper—the "swatter," let it be repeated, is an all too frequent disturber

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the peace o' quiet summer hours. To how many of us has it not been the cause of disconcerting moments! You have surely at some time been launched upon your favorite story, telling it with what you can of real color and dash, working up to the point with careful crescendo, when lo! your auditor's eye wavers, he becomes restless, his attention ceases altogether. He apologizes, "Just one moment, please. That bothersome fly! There is nothing that I so abominate," etc., etc., and he is off after the "swatter." The fly is no more, neither is your story. Nothing can bring it back to life again, and the conversation is resumed—upon other lines. You are a little nonplussed, but knowing and loving your friend, you are inclined to be lenient to his frailties, lack of concentration when flies are about being one. There are two classes of persons in this world, one which can keep its attention fixed upon its guests *even* in the presence of moth-millers, flies and young children, and the one which cannot! On the subject of parents and their enduring friends volumes might be written, but here we digress again, though certainly not as far from our main consideration as when, a moment ago, we found ourselves hinting at so remote a subject as moral issues involved in warfare.

If it is a question of germs at all, what, then, shall be said of our dense stupidity, of the singular short-sightedness of even the most far-seeing of our hygienists which has permitted us so long to strain at the gnat when we are at the same time monstrously swallowing the camel—the camel being, in other words, the Pet Dog!

What is to be done with him? If one tiny fly's foot can bring disaster to the home, is there an imagination equal to painting the horrors made possible by the incoming of Bijou, or Wag, or Happy after he has had his airing? The wonder is that any of us are alive to consider the matter at all!

Seriously speaking, here is a menace to our otherwise perfectly guarded homes to which it were well to give our immediate consideration. We have but to think of the inquisitive nose. It must test the character of all things by closeness of contact. It sniffs, it inhales, it pokes and pushes. Then it comes running in to thrust itself against its owner's face, and (softly be it spoken,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but honestly be it said) occasionally kisses have been known to follow and invitations to lappings not infrequently made. Also, there are the paws. Sometimes they are fringed. Our high bred little Cocker, for instance, must perforce pad about with much of him trailing upon the ground. Then there is his fur—all of it! What may it not store up within its depths of softness and of curls for future harm? Of the love of all dogs for beds we are fully aware. When they come running to us of a cold morning it is not very easy to deny their importunities. Indeed it is difficult when we recall the pleading brown eyes of our own adorable pets to believe that there is even a possibility of menace or any standpoint of germs whatsoever to be taken regarding them. The breed particularly favored by ourselves is, of course, exempt. At any rate, this must certainly be so in the instance of the special dog which we have singled out for possession. We resent, for him, the imputation!

The cat's preference for the lofty places seems to make it somewhat less open to charges of promiscuousness, but of many of our best loved dogs we can hardly claim exclusiveness and aristocracy of tastes. If he lives in towns where he is free to roam unwatched, he is quite as likely to choose fever-infected slums for his playground as parts of the town better approved by the Board of Health. There are, indeed, possibilities here for all kinds of danger, and yet, so far, very little has been said on the subject and almost nothing has been done.

If we must have pets about our young children we could perhaps wash them frequently with antiseptics. Rubber boots for dogs are, it is said, to be had at certain shops. When it reaches this point, we may as well anticipate, and foresee that the next novelty in the market will be a Dog Furnishing Department where may be found the "New Germ Proof, Flexible Rubber Garments to be had in all sizes." But here, in the words of Rosalind, "begins new matter," for does this not mean the immediate degeneration of man's most faithful friend, and, in fact, his possible ultimate extermination? No real dog's self-respect could survive much in the way of rubber clothing, and take away a man's (or a dog's) self-respect, and what have we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left? Annihilation would indeed seem to be the condition to which he had best quickly succumb.

The solution of the matter at present rests with the individual,—provided he has been intelligently facing the facts. He must decide between affection and the greater safety. If he be a metaphysician of modern tendency he will doubtless feel that love—even for a pet—is of greater positive value than can be disease; that love, in fact, is of a purifying, protecting nature, capable of destroying, of making non-existent any form of danger. If his faith is of this comforting character, then it is, so to speak, "dogs for him." To the rest of us, floundering around in our beliefs of evil, comes the question: Should the matter be entered upon as was the problem of the fly, or should it not? Is it to become a New Propaganda, or may we and our pets live together in peace?

We of the dog loving genus have the choice either to face courageously another live and this time truly grievous issue, or to refuse the struggle by falling back upon that old solvent of all problems, and so, again with Rosalind, decide to "let Time try."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WORD ABOUT SLANG

EDWARD A. ALLEN

MANY of the objections to slang urged now and then by purists seem to the student of language, for the most part, groundless. Much of the better sort of slang is an unconscious endeavor to turn into vigorous Saxon English, readily understood, the highly latinized English of the learned. For instance, "to take the hide off" is a forceful rendering of *excoriate,* as "kicking back" is of *recalcitrant,* as "to catch on" (to one's meaning) is of *apprehend,* and so on.

Both *telegraph* and *telegram* have long since given way, in the business world, to *wire,* which is sure to come into general use. So common had "wire" become there was felt to be no need of any foreign importation for the wonderful "wireless," which is now currently used as adjective, noun, and verb, so flexible is our speech. "Elevator," strange to say, has held its own even on the lips of the bellboy, though the Englishman's *lift* is far better.

Much of the current slang supposed to be modern is not new. For instance, "kid" (child) goes back as far, at least, as Massinger's *Old Law* (1599):

"I am old, you say. Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well!" *Kidnap* (to nab a kid) was certainly not a new word to De Foe or Bunyan.

"To skip out" is accounted slang, but in Wycliff's translation of the Bible we read: "Whanne barnabas and poul herden this, thei skipten out."

In *Ralph Roister Doister,* the first English comedy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, an actor says: "Nay dame, I will fire thee out of my house," which certainly has a modern ring.

Goldsmith in *The Good Natured Man* (1768) says: "If the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him"; and this will require no gloss for the modern reader.

"Not in it" is found in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale:* "They have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Cut it out" goes back as far, at least, as Sheridan's *Critic* (1779): "The performers have cut it out."

The optimistic brakeman, who had both legs cut off by a train, and who, when a bystander tried to console him by saying he ought to be thankful he wasn't killed outright, replied, "I'm not kicking," was only using a biblical expression: "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice?"

"Buss" is Shakespearian slang for *kiss*, the Johnsonese definition of which is: "The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbiscularis oris muscles in a state of contraction."

The tendency to-day is strongly toward the Saxon element of our language, short and simple, except in scientific treatises. A well-known medical writer published an article, a few years ago, in one of our most popular weeklies, in which he said: "The problem of whether life be worth living emphatically depends upon the metabolic integrity of our hepatic cytoplasm." A wit, not a scientist, long ago answered Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" by replying: "It depends on the liver."

By the way, did not *pun* come in as a slang term? Skeat derives it from Anglo-Saxon *punian*, to pound; "hence pound words, beat them into new senses, hammer at forced similes"; and the labored efforts often made seem to justify this etymology. It is so used by Shakespeare, in the sense of *pound*, in *Troilus and Cressida* (2, 1): "He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist."

Slang is the spare-ribs of speech, cut to the bone. A certain literary editor has placed *'phone* in his "Inferno." Another attempt to lash the waves. Was he unmindful of *cab* (*cabriolet*), *cad* (*cadet*), *pet* (*petit*), *pup* (*poupée*), *fad* (*fadaise*), *navvy* (*navigator*), *bus* (*omnibus*), *mob* (*mobile vulgus*), etc.?

"I have done my best for some years past," Swift wrote, "to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers." Take *boss*, which came in as slang, out of the propaganda of a great progressive leader, and what gaps you have left to fill! What would the purist suggest in place of "It's up to you," "I'm up against it," "He went back on me," "graft," "stunt," etc.? "Mossback" and "rubberneck," the coinage of unrecognized poets, are more expressive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than "greenhorn," which has long since won its way in standard English.

In the same way that politics of to-day is history in the making is the slang of to-day language in the making, and for this reason slang is of immense interest to the student of language.

Victor Hugo says in his chapter on slang (L'Argot) in *Les Misérables:* "To hold up on the surface and keep from forgetfulness, from the gulf, only a fragment of any language which man has spoken, and which would be lost—that is to say, one of the elements, good or bad, of which civilization is composed—is to extend the data of social observation and serve civilization itself. . . . To those who study language as it should be studied—that is to say, as geologists study the earth—slang appears like a real alluvium." He remarks in this same chapter: "That exquisite and so celebrated line,

'Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?'

is a verse of slang. *Antan—ante annum*—is a slang word of Thunes, which signifies the past year, by extension, formerly."

As to daily use, every man of taste rightly resents the wanton slinging of slang. The present writer finds himself in the same boat with a friend who says: "I don't smoke myself, but I always like to smell a good cigar." And mark you, the cigar must be a good one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LURE

LEOLYN LOUISE EVERETT

FAR I hear the fairy folk
Singing in the glade:
Far I hear the fairy folk
Calling from the shade.
Dusk is just abroad the world;
Through the level light
Of the sun that sinks so fast
One can see the night!

I have labored overlong
But for little gain:
I have labored overlong
But for heartsick pain.
In the dark I loose my chains,
Loose and fling them by.
I will hasten to the dell
Where the fairies lie!

Tell me not I may not go
For this little space:
I will take the work again,
Creep into my place . . .
I, the servant of this toil,
That should be a king,
For, across the meadow lands
I heard fairies sing!

Blinded eyes that will not see,
Leaden hearts that beat,
Yea, between the hurts of things,
I have known life sweet.
Silver glitter in the moon,
Dancing on the lea,
Elfin music in the air . . .
Yet I will be free,
For afar the fairy folk
Call—they call to me!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CORNER OF LIFE

HUGH V. LACEY

THE room was dark and gloomy in the deepening shadows. The single window was smudged with grime and a square of cardboard replaced one of the panes. Across another, a spider in conscious security was spinning his web. From the sloping rafters a few articles of woman's clothing hung limply, and the floor showed bare in the fading light. The stove in the corner was cracked and battered and the oven door hung by a single hinge. On the hearth stood a tallow-flecked bottle with a bit of candle protruding from its neck. Behind the stove was a pair of well-worn, woman's shoes and beside them, stretched out as if to dry, were two tiny stockings. In the shadow of the opposite corner was a heap of rags and on it a woman tossed feverishly, moaning softly in her pain. On a box beside the bed a photograph lay face downward. At the foot a child of three was playing with a home-made cloth doll and crooning to it. Presently the woman called the child to her and drawing her close kissed her long and hungrily. The child went back to her play. A thin hand reached out and took the photograph from where it lay face downward on the box.

After a while the outline of the stove in the corner grew dim. The well-worn shoes and tiny stockings vanished entirely from sight in the deepening shadow. The spider finished his web and drew away to his castle in the darkness. The woman lay quiet on the heap of rags and the low moaning had ceased. The only sound in the room came from the foot of the bed where the child was still crooning to her doll.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME AMERICAN PLAYS

From the Feminist Viewpoint

FLORENCE KIPER

EVERY play produced on the American stage, with perhaps a few negligible exceptions, has its say on the feminist question. Until sex ceases to be the main preoccupation of drama, this must necessarily be so. Given the depiction of men and women in their relations to each other, whether or not there be a conscious purpose in the playwright's mind to set forth his views on such relations, the critic will nevertheless discover his views—or at least the quality of his thinking, from which his sex-philosophy may be deduced. It is no more difficult to determine what Eugene Walter thinks about women than it is to define Brieux's feminist Credo, although the former probably considers himself guiltless of the latter's propaganda intention.

One must frankly confess at the outset that it is by the unconscious rather than the conscious method that the American dramatists are revealing themselves in regard to the woman movement. We have at present no Ibsens, Shaws, Björnsons, Strindbergs, Brieuxs. In a drama whose themes are almost entirely those of contemporary social life, few among our playwrights are attempting to interpret to us the meaning of the growing divorce "evil," of the suffrage agitation, of women in the professions, of young girls in industry, of the sudden awakening of the sheltered woman to a knowledge of prostitution and venereal diseases. Almost none among our clever writers for the stage are bringing to these vital themes a conscious philosophy or an informed understanding. Yet the woman movement is undoubtedly, if perhaps the class-consciousness in the labor struggle be excepted, the one most important tendency of the century. It is important because it deals not with a limited and selected class of society, but with the very fundamentals of society—the relation of the sexes and consequently the next generation. Race-suicide, the double standard of morals, the taints of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heredity, these are not side issues, but of relevancy to all of national existence.

It is the enviable privilege of the dramatist "to popularize the pressing questions of the time." That is, he must be an interpreter to the people of what they have heretofore vaguely sensed, of what is already implicit in the public mind, but through him is realized with vividness. The drama, being preëminently a social art and dependent not on the selected audience but on the average, develops correlatively with the developing social and artistic consciousness of a people. We of America must therefore remember, in our indictment of American dramatists, what Whitman has said of another art, "To have great poets there must be great audiences too."

That the great, or at least the receptive audiences are coming into being in America is a fact to all but the most pessimistic among the critics of dramatic tendencies. America is really beginning to take its drama seriously, to consider its plays as something more than "shows" for the pleasing of the immature minded. No more than five years ago a play like *Hindle Wakes* would have been taboo to an American audience. To-day enlightened mothers are taking their young people to *The Blindness of Virtue* or even to *Damaged Goods,* because of the educational value of their propaganda. I hold no brief for the thesis play as such—even the thesis play of trans-Atlantic importation. But surely until the American audience ceases to demand only cant and provincialism, prudishness and sentimentality, America can produce no dramatists of import—minds that are conscious of large issues and that have the ability to fuse at white heat into one, thesis, plot, characterization.

To many it appears that even now the time is ripe for a new birth and that there are the stirrings of parturition. Already several worthy plays have come out of America and there is springing up a veritable crop of young dramatists with a feeling for the stage and the craftsman's facility. While we are awaiting our big American playwrights—and perhaps the next decade will welcome them!—it is of interest to the feminist to hear what the present writers of the theatre have to say about American women.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Augustus Thomas, the so-called dean of American dramatists, a writer who has developed an easy facility in the technique of his art, has chosen the double standard of sex morality as one of the themes in his play, *As a Man Thinks,* a drama that has received a critical approbation almost unanimous. In this story of modern New York life, the discussion of female chastity is brought about *à propos* of the visit of a young married woman to the bachelor apartment of a man friend. The deed is a very natural act of bravado induced by the repeated infidelity of the husband, who is a frank exponent of masculine privilege in sex-matters. As is the way of such advocates, however, he demands of his wife a fidelity that shall be pure of the slightest appearance of evil. Dr. Seelig, presumably here the mouthpiece of the playwright, explains to the reckless wife why this must be. The home, Dr. Seelig says, rests on faith—the faith of man in woman, the faith that he is the father of the children, for whose sake is maintained this home. Truly a satisfying answer to Mrs. Clayton's bewilderment! For mark you—but a short time before, her husband, strong in this beautiful faith in his marital partner, has warned her that if she does not leave his house in quick order, his servant will be given the task of showing her the door. He allows her to remain only when the doctor informs him that his sick child may die without the little fellow's accustomed nursing, and at this the husband packs his bag and leaves for the club, unable to remain longer under the same roof with a wife guilty of the depravity of spending a half-hour in another man's bachelor apartments. This same beautiful faith of man in woman then instils suspicion into Clayton's mind as to the paternity of the child, a suspicion allayed only by documentary proof that " the other man " had been safe in prison for the year preceding the boy's birth. All then is magnanimously forgiven the erring wife—all her wickedness in compromising herself in the eyes of her husband—and the curtain falls on a beautiful reunion of mother, father and boy, to the soft chime of Christmas bells outside the window.

This play from the standpoint of feminism is an interesting study, because it represents a sex-ethics that is more or less typical. That the author did not see bigger than his story and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is innocent of satirical intention, does not invalidate the play as a fair enough picture of that American home in which the function of the wife is to be the ornamental symbol of her husband's prosperity. Mrs. Clayton as played by Miss Chrystal Herne is par excellence the leisure-class American female, graceful, charming, alert, cultured, exquisitely gowned, utterly helpless. When, in Miss Herne's tremulous, low voice, the wife announces her undying love for the husband who has just bullied and insulted her, one is not amazed at all, remembering that for the woman dependent on luxury it is a business to cherish and to conserve her provider.

The explanation of the double standard of morals—a necessity, Mr. Thomas states, inherent in the biological nature of things—is somewhat reminiscent of Henry Arthur Jones and the unfortunate lady in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*. Both Mr. Jones and Mr. Thomas regret kindly and urbanely as humanitarians that the woman alone must bear the social penalty of sex-indiscretion, even though that penalty be visited on the appearance of sin and not its actuality, but—with a faint sigh!—what can one do about it? So the matter has been, so will it be always. Some years ago, however, Henrik Ibsen wrote *Ghosts,* a play which not undramatically calls attention to the fact—also a fact of biology—that even a father's sex sins may have consequences for the next generation and that his personal life, as well as the mother's, bears intimate relation to the integrity and purity of the home.

A young Chicago playwright, Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, has given us *Ghosts* in the terms of modern Chicago, in a thoroughly sincere and workmanlike drama. *Rebellion,* from the box-office standpoint, was a success neither in New York nor in its birthplace. The public was said to have found it gloomy, depressing. Either this was so or its arraignment of the Catholic Church spelled its failure. This arraignment was not a one-sided or distorted propaganda, but grew inevitably from the situation. In fact, the depiction of the Catholic priest was so sympathetic that one truly regretted one's intellectual disagreement with him. When he calls to the conscience of the deserting wife in the terms of a duty that seeks not the individual happiness, one is thrilled with the fervor of all those moralists, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

church or out, who are adjuring us of the present day to be mindful of the sacred and high responsibilities of marriage. But it is precisely because we are so mindful that we are insisting on the dissolution of those marriages not inherently sacred. Divorce may be—often is—a religious act also. That it is not infrequently sought with light-minded and licentious motives is true enough, doubtless—but the miseries of light-mindedness and licentiousness within marriage, who shall recount them!

Georgia Conner, under the influence of the priest, returns to her reformed drunkard. To him she bears a child, a weakling who before birth has been tainted with his father's alcoholism. The baby is born doomed and the little life flickers out to the accompaniment of the mother's anguish. At this moment the father is brought in from the street, a beast with drunkenness. He falls from the chair in which they have propped him, and, standing above his sprawling body, the wife bursts into hysterical laughter.

There is the answer to your preachment of duty! Both Mrs. Alving of Norway and Georgia Conner of Chicago learn too late the first responsibility of physical motherhood—the choice of a mate clean physically. But the spiritual injustices done those children who are the victims of dull and bitter, and of quarrelsome marriages, this also is the stuff of drama. It will require some skill to project dramatically the domestic problems of every day, of the prosaic majority, the tragi-comedies of warring temperament within the bond of family. The vital playwright, however, can and will render these themes of more interest to us than the occasional lady-with-a-past or the flippant "indiscretions" of high society.

Medill Patterson is one of those who have the gift for normal characterization. He knows the people who live in five-room flats, the strap-hangers on the Elevated. He does not caricature them for purposes of comedy, as was the tendency of the late Clyde Fitch. Perhaps he realizes that a detailed study of average humanity, shrewd and sympathetic, needs no so-called dramatic heightening.

Another dramatist who gets the feeling of the small apartment or the suburban home of the man who is working for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wages is Mr. Eugene Walter. The first act of *Paid in Full* promised a real drama of the young married city-couple who are legion—a couple of the clerk-class in America who are maintaining a social position by dint of ceaseless petty economies, yet who manage somehow an occasional theatre and down-town dinner, and a stylish tailored suit for the attractive young wife. That the play deserted its original intention to accomplish a "strong" situation—i. e., a nocturnal visit of the wife to the rooms of the employer—was indeed a pity. Mr. Walter understands his people and might have told us something significant about them.

A later play of Mr. Walter's, *Fine Feathers,* shows another straitened couple here living the suburban existence. The play purports to be a study of feminine extravagance and its deleterious influence on the business integrity of the husband. The study is doubtless accurate—photographically accurate. Mr. Walter is evidently unaware, however, of a type of woman who may still be in the minority in America, but whose influence is nevertheless reaching the suburban wives—reaching them unconsciously perhaps, if Mr. Augustus Thomas's postulate of the reality of thought-forces be true. This woman with whom Mr. Walter is not acquainted becomes rather annoyed when, from her seat in the theatre, she hears the magnanimous husband forgive the wife's obliquities because, "I should have been strong enough to withstand you. The man must always be stronger, dear, than the woman,"—or words to that effect. She is slightly irritated because she has been attempting to undermine that particular type of American chivalry which has as its basis the assumption that women, though charming creatures, are morally unaccountable.

Another play of the last season, cleverer and keener as to dialogue than *Fine Feathers,* was Marion Fairfax's suburban play, *The Talker.* Here again we have the restless wife and the steady, hard-working husband who desires, as does the man in Mr. Walter's play also, to be informed why, in Heaven's name, the pretty, childless young woman can't fill her life with light housekeeping and an interest in petty economies. Miss Fairfax hints at the psychology of the thing when she has the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

husband recognize the more exciting nature of his own business. But neither playwright sees any way out except through an awakening of the light-minded woman to her own frivolity—a frivolity, in both situations, innocent enough in intention, but dangerous in consequences. Neither suggests that a wife without children—a wife who evidently can't afford children!—might perhaps put her energies to some economic account—energies that in a young woman who isn't dull-minded will plausibly run to philandering if, by chance of temperament, the tending of a twentieth-century suburban home does not satisfy their utilization. Miss Fairfax (Mrs. Tully Marshall) is herself both playwright and actress. Will she not some day give us the drama of the married woman with a vocation?

The High Road by Edward Sheldon and Rachel Crothers's *A Man's World,* the first a drama of last season, the second of several years ago, are two plays that deal with the modern woman who has attained self-support in the occupation of her choice and is thereby enabled to make her own terms with men. *The High Road* is an interesting attempt to show on the stage what the academic critics say can be done only through the medium of the novel—a spiritual growth through a process of years—in this case the period of a woman's life from seventeen years of age to thirty-eight. That Mr. Sheldon was not quite successful in the portrayal may be due to the limitations of the dramatic form—or to his own present limitations. At any rate, his last three acts are authentic and interesting, if conventional, drama. What is not conventional is his characterization of Mary Page. Here at last we have an American playwright who recognizes that the woman of 1912 is not the woman of 1880, or even of 1900. Miss Page at thirty-eight is capable, keen, resourceful, a woman who is filling in an important way an important position. No one would think for a moment of patronizing or pitying her because she is nearing forty without a husband and children. Indeed, so much of a person is she that the man who loves her takes her for wife not as a woman once stained, now cleansed by masculine forgiveness, but as an individual who, as her lover himself might have done, has wrung from experience tolerance and sympathy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Crothers' play is also of a mature woman, younger than Mary Page—a woman who has made a place for herself as a writer. Her writings have been largely directed against the abuses from which women suffer in the present social arrangement. She is a type of the modern feminist. And the conflict of the drama is waged not so much without as within her own nature, a conflict between individual emotion and social conviction. What many of our writers for the stage have missed in their objective drama that uses the new woman for protagonist is a glimpse of that tumultuous battlefield, her own soul, where meet the warring forces of impulse and theory, of the old and the new conceptions of egotism and altruism. Miss Crothers understands the dramatic interest of such tumult. The heroine of *A Man's World,* a woman whose intellectual power has enriched, not devitalized, her emotional capacity—(why do certain of our dramatists believe feminine intellect must inevitably devitalize!)—discovers that the man she loves has had a son out of wedlock, the mother a friend of hers who died in giving birth to the baby. It is not her horror at the discovery that separates her from her lover. The man had not known of the little fellow's existence and is now eager to make any reparation possible. But he refuses to admit the heinousness of his wrong. It is a man's world. A pity! but in the nature of things woman must pay the penalty. Because of this intellectual conviction she leaves him. There is no sentimentalism, no attempt to gloss over the situation with the pet American dramatic platitude that love makes right all things. *A Man's World* is honest, well-built drama, interesting to feminists not only because of its exposition of a modern sex-problem, but also because it is written by a woman—one who does not attempt to imitate the masculine viewpoint, but who sees the feminine experience through feminine temperament.

Mr. George Broadhurst's *Bought and Paid For,* a widely popular play of last season, did sentimentalize, quite to the taste of the average theatre-goer, a situation that had in it the possibilities of a significant reality. Since the problem of the story is a personal and not a social difference, one would have been willing to accept the marriage of the poor-but-virtuous-and-re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fined stenographer to the dissipated-but-highly-worthy millionaire stockbroker, if the relationship had been honestly and logically treated. As the play is, those of the audience not corrupted by habitual reading of "best-sellers" know that the force which drives the young wife back to her husband's arms is nothing else than a nerve-wearing poverty, a force which drives many young women of America to marriage, although not a large proportion are fortunate enough to capture millionaires. We are probably taking too seriously, however, a drama designed for the shop-girl audience. It is a pity, though, that we haven't an American Brieux to do for us the scene in the second act where the tipsy husband claims access to his wife's bedroom as an inalienable right guaranteed by the marriage ceremony. But the American Brieux probably could not obtain a production of his plays in America.

Mr. Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way* may be said to approach nearer than does any other American drama the Continental critical ideal of dramatic logic and compression. It is an excellent play technically. It is significant also sociologically. The Laura Murdocks are known in every civilized society—women who are the preordained victims of sex, because of the combined forces of temperament and economic pressure. In a more fortunate social status, they are agreeable wives and charming hostesses. On fifteen dollars a week they become courtesans. They are no more able than was Mr. Augustus Thomas's heroine to do without masculine affection and without luxury. Such a type Mr. Eugene Walter portrays faithfully and dramatically. He sees no further than his situation, however; he does not see beyond and around it.

Mr. Percy MacKaye, a dramatist of unusually fine purpose, sees a solution of certain phases of the sex-problem in Eugenics and he has dramatized this science or semi-science in his play, *To-morrow*. It is a pretty analogy of plant and human breeding, and an attempt to be vital that does not quite reach vitality. Mr. MacKaye reveals a dogged determination to be natural and sprightly in dialogue that is at times a bit pathetic, especially so in the comedy characterization. If only Professor Baker had been able by some magic to weld into one the aloof and poetic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idealism of Mr. MacKaye and the authentic, if violent, feeling for reality of that other "Harvard playwright," Mr. Edward Sheldon! As it is, we can but hope that Mr. MacKaye will appreciate the possibilities of pure fantasy divorced from any attempt at realism and will continue to employ his true poetic gift in an illumining of the feminist question by means of poetic drama—even though that drama be sometimes written in the prose medium.

Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy has attempted a synthesis of realism and symbolism in his latest play, *The Necessary Evil.* (Mr. Kennedy has taken out his naturalization papers, and has expressed his desire to be known as an American playwright. Surely America cannot afford to abjure so noble an iconoclast and experimenter.) The method used to good effect in *The Servant in the House* seems somehow to miss fire in this play, a long one-act piece whose theme is prostitution. The woman of the streets is not quite an individual and not quite a symbol. She talks in the language of a symbol—Mr. Kennedy's own poetic prose that at times attains exaltation. But because the other three persons of the play are authentic human beings, one is irritated by the shift in viewpoint. Then one is cruel enough to wonder just a bit whether symbolism and rhetoric may not sometimes be employed to cover a paucity of dramatic ideas—to wonder whether less, or more, ability is required to create a realism that is in spite of itself poetic, rather than a symbolism that attempts to clothe itself in the garb of every-day existence.

The father in Mr. Kennedy's play advises the son as to one method of combatting the lust in his nature—that he should learn to know women as they are. That is precisely what Mr. Kennedy has not learned to do. It may be true enough that the idealization and worship of women is a purifying influence for men—but such worship is rather hard on the women. Less satisfying æsthetically, but more convenient in this work-a-day world, is it, to be able to doff one's wings occasionally. The literature that will be written by woman as a revealer of that so-called mystery, herself, will probably not sentimentalize femininity. She knows that there is no sacrosanct or magic quality in femaleness, either for angelic or demoniac power—other than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that sacredness of individual worth that accrues to every human being by the mere fact of being human. There will be an increasing number of women playwrights in America as the doors of occupational and educational opportunity are thrown wider. It is to be hoped that they will feel impelled—they and their brother-writers,—to set forth sincerely and honestly, yet with vital passion, those problems in the development and freedom of women that the modern age has termed the problems of feminism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM BLAKE

The First of the Moderns

LLOYD R. MORRIS

THERE are two possible ways of viewing the genius of William Blake. One is to consider him as a philosopher who found expression in the field of art; the other to regard him primarily as an artist with a somewhat peculiar point of view toward life. The distinction is one of emphasis, but it is fundamental in the interpretation of his work. His importance to-day, aside from the fact that almost a century after his death he still appeals to us as essentially a modernist, is due to the enduring influence which he has had upon the art of our own day and that of a generation earlier. The two points of view are not, of course, always wholly distinct and separate; there are times, as in the case of the *Prophetic Books,* when his art can only be explained in the light of his philosophy; but with this phase of his work the present paper has nothing to do. However, in order fully to elucidate and appreciate his genius, it may be well briefly to outline the points which an examination from this angle brings forth.

Blake was essentially in sympathy with the revolutionary spirit of his day; he was a profound believer in the natural equality of man, he heartily, with the fervor of a Rousseau, detested civilization and all that it stands for, and more characteristically, as Henry Crabb Robinson reports him, "he would not admit that any education should be attempted except the cultivation of the imagination and the fine arts."

His work, however, in the field of literature and that of art is the direct expression, not of a philosophic principle, but of the visions of his imagination, which assumed in his eyes the clarity and profound truth of reality. He had, it is true, a peculiar interpretation of the faculty that he possessed to such a rare degree of intensity, which attains in his later writings the proportions of a theory of art. "The world of imagination," he says, "is the world of Eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all sh go after the death of the vegetated body. This world of im ation is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generatio d vegetation is finite and temporal. There exist in that et l world the permanent realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature." And again, "He who does not imagine in stronger and in better lineaments and in stronger and in better light than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all." Imagination thus became for him a real world to which he gained occasional entrance in a glowing flash of intuition, a haven of refuge where he could find true beauty. It is wholly an artist's conception; the feeling for beauty and truth in life was for him, as it had earlier been for Plato, who was equally an artist in language, the strife of man to regain on earth an ideal which had found expression in heaven. It is impossible to conceive that Blake, whose work was essentially sincere, should not have felt the reality of the visions of beauty which were at once the form and the substance of his art, as against the grim, warped, and petty disappointment which he knew as life. It is the quality of an artist to believe in the truth of his inspiration, and when he finds that its expression is out of harmony with life, he becomes supreme if he disregards life and continues to have faith in the visions of his soul. Had the Philistines of Blake's day understood his pictures, he would not have been stung into the white-hot contempt of society which marks him as a philosopher of protest.

His natural love of childhood is intensified, in his work, by the knowledge that the attitude of child-like wonder is that of the poet; and the sensitiveness of the child to the influences of imagination is man's nearest approach to the truth. The *Songs of Innocence* are his expression of that age of exquisite illusion when life is a thing not to be reasoned about, but the world is a toy of the imagination, and the delicately colored visions of the child are the only real things of life. The whole point of Blake's poetry is just that. To reason about life, to intellectualize a flowing, vibrant force, is to miss its significance; but to keep one's soul sensitive to the varied nuances of the inner vision is to interpret truth and to live life.

The chief characteristic which relates Blake's art and his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poetry is the quality of expression. Like Michelangelo, with whom, in the history of art, he has in certain respects the closest affinity, Blake conceived the function of art to be the expression of an idea in the form which would reveal its meaning with the most delicate precision, whether the medium were words or line or color. But since the most perfect ideas were those of the world of imagination, they were, like those of a child, essentially characterized by simplicity and clarity of meaning. The art of his verse, therefore, like that of his pictures, was simple, strong, and unique in its precision. It has always seemed to me that for Blake, as for a man like Yeats, who has followed in his path, poetry must have been, in part at least, as much a decorative art as painting. The method of his verse, it would seem, bears this out. Certain of his poems produce the effect of an intaglio graved upon an agate, their carved simplicity of form attained with the precision of a minute instrument; the full expression of the idea being given in a few cool, deft lines. Such an one is the famous "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright," a blazing, glowing poem built out of fire and sinews. A perhaps better example is the less known *London*.

"I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow:
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the soldier's hapless sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plague, the marriage hearse."

There can be nothing further said about such a poem; but for sound pictures of the city midnight or etchings of human degra-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dation the enamelled verses of Swinburne do not produce its equal.

The method of his verse was the same throughout. The *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* were conceived on the general plan of making a series of companion pictures; one might almost say, two series of painted panels, having the same subjects treated from different points of view. The attitude of the *Songs of Innocence* has already been explained; that of those of *Experience* has in it a touch of the eternal sadness. The illusion is gone, society has wrenched man out of his natural course; but the point of view is that of one upon whom the reaction of society with its sophistication and false ideals has been the tempering into finer keenness of those subconscious promptings of ideality which all humanity experiences, and to which the stress of our existence so seldom allows free rein. The *Songs of Innocence* express in verse the haunting beauty of childhood, the fleeting of a smile, in the same manner as do the porcelains of Lucca della Robbia. The *Songs of Experience,* on the other hand, are the real personality of Blake; the disappointment of being misunderstood, the tragedy of lost illusions, the pathos of an ideal which society tramples under foot and crushes. As a unity the double set of poems is a singularly powerful presentation of the inevitable relinquishment by humanity of the ideals of an existence whence it came. As Blake's verse was the poetry of pure line, so was his art; the quality of expression is still the dominating note. Even the most superficial examination of his drawings and engravings reveals a remarkable sense for form and movement; the figures that he drew of flying angels, of spirits of the air and demons of the cave, possess an onrushing and sweeping power together with a physical grace that is not the result of any attenuation of form or effeminacy of feature. His quest for simplicity of medium in which to embody his visions is equally characteristic of his art and his poetry. To state that Blake's pictures were fundamentally simple savors of a paradox, for the meaning of some of them is enough of a mystery to be even now a matter of debate among the eclectics. The reason for this, perhaps, is that most of us, as we go through life, fail to preserve the childlike attitude of mind, and become so far

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

estranged from the world of imagination that in the end we become incapable of responding to it, and possibly of even appreciating it. The art of Blake is as simple as the art of a fairy tale, and they are equally beautiful interpretations of the deeper realities of a larger life. Just as the Greek myth, however, fails to satisfy us as an explanation of the world, so the pictures of Blake failed to possess meaning for the people of his day. Being sophisticated, they desired reason and intellectuality in art, just as we demand a philosophy which will be the product of reason; and they failed to appreciate Blake because art meant to him pure inspiration.

There are three periods, roughly, in the development of Blake as an artist. The first is that of his early work as an engraver, extending perhaps from 1787 to 1810. His second period is more conventionalized; he has deserted engraving for color, and his work is less characteristically unique. In his third period, at the zenith of his artistic powers he reverts to his early manner, and resumes the medium of the pure, fluid line.

Blake's early training under Basire is the formative influence on his technique. For reasons which have been variously interpreted by his biographers, he was sent to the Abbey to study design, and there in the cool, dim, quiet of the Gothic traceries he acquired a sense of form and of mass, of delicacy and strength combined, which forever after determined the visualization of his best inspiration.

His second period is best described by himself in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Trusler under date of 1799. "I find more and more," he says, "that my style of designing is a species by itself, and in this which I send you have been impelled by my genius or angel to follow where he led; if I were to act otherwise it would not fulfill the purpose for which alone I live, which is, in conjunction with such men as my friend Cumberland, to renew the lost art of the Greeks." At a later date Blake was wont to rail against the Greeks for copying slavishly from nature, and for reducing the human figure in art to a standardization of proportions; but, at this time, Greek art was his loadstone. In 1800 occurred the famous trip to Felpham to engrave the illustrations for an edition of Cowper's poetry which a popular poet of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day, one William Hayley, was then making. He was also required to paint a decorative frieze for Hayley's library consisting of portraits of the master poets of all ages. In his search for a medium of expression he became distrustful of the sensuous coloring and somewhat loose technique of Rubens and the Venetian schools, in which purity and vividness of expression were sacrificed to a splendid, if somewhat superficial effect. He would have worked, if he could, entirely in distemper and fresco, in the rare manner of the masters of the thirteenth century renascence; failing that, he reverted to his earlier method of engraving upon copper, which enabled him to portray with the utmost perfection of detail his visions from the world of imagination as he saw them through the world of actuality, in the exquisitely delicate yet virile medium of pure line. The characteristic features of his paintings are a certain air of translucency, a pellucid coloring, and a glowing, almost phosphorescent, brilliance.

In 1787 Blake's younger and favorite brother, Robert, had died, and some time later his spirit appeared, in a dream, to Blake and taught him the method of engraving by which forever after all his books were printed. He drew the poems backward upon the plate with a varnish of special composition, and then placed the plate in an acid bath, the result being that the parts covered by varnish were made to stand out above the rest. The plates were then inked and the copies printed. Often Blake would illumine the marginal engravings which always accompanied his poems with brilliant reds and golds and pale floating yellows after the fashion of the missals of a mediæval monastery. His engravings also were often colored; he was not averse to the use of color as such, but his chief insistence lay on what he termed the " integrity of the bounding line." A splendid if not wholly characteristic example of his work is an illustration which he did for *Paradise Lost.* It represents the Ancient of Days striking the first circle of the world. The subject is taken from Book VII, where God has commanded the creation of the universe. This picture of a superhuman force giving birth to a new world is one of the most splendidly conceived visions which Blake ever reproduced. The tremendous Titanic energy of the crouching figure in whose eyes the foreknowledge of destiny

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resides; the colossal strength of the tense muscles in the arm which, pointed imperially downward outlines with

". . . Golden compasses prepared
In God's eternal store . . . . ."

the first bounds of the yet unborn world, are equalled only in the work of Michelangelo.

One might almost without omission mention all of Blake's engravings and describe the qualities peculiar to each that made them supremely fine artistic expressions. There is the illustration to the *Divine Comedy* portraying the meeting of Dante with Paolo and Francesca in the everlasting whirlwind. The feeling of the two lovers doomed to the Inferno but happy in each other's company, even as shades upon the whirlwind of the world below, is remarkably and delicately expressed.

The finest as well as the most typical work which Blake ever did is, however, his engraving of *The Last Judgment*. At the top, with a glowing halo, God is sitting reading the sentences on man. Below stands the angel Gabriel, surrounded by the huge flames which are pouring out from Hell, blowing his horn. To the left of the picture, as we view it, the souls of the chosen are floating up to Heaven; to the right those of the damned are plunging into the eternal fires. The quality which marks the picture as characteristically Blake's is the splendid symmetry of line and mass, and the strength of expression. If one examines the figures at the left they seem literally to float before the eye, with a gentle, almost imperceptible movement. The figures of the damned, however, are impelled downward with the fury of an unseen force, their muscles tense, their bodies stiff, plunging into the dim vision of the awful fires below. One figure, perhaps the best in the picture, is bent from the waist, and with arms down-stretched and hair streaming, falls with a frightful rush of speed. The figure of the angel Gabriel is also remarkable for the lifelike delineation of the tremendous force necessary to blow the trump of doom; an effect produced by the contraction of the abdominal muscles, and which seems to make him breathe before one's eyes.

The superb grouping of mass and handling of the effects of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light and shade in the medium of line betoken Blake at his best. Several of the drawings in the so-called "Ms." book, particularly one of a kneeling female pushing a gigantic circle, show that other splendid quality—the portraiture of vigor.

One feels, throughout the work of Blake, the perdurance of the idea of the imagination, even in the struggle to express that world itself to the world of actuality in the terms of a symbolism too bold and too far reaching into the realm of the infinite for the world of men to grasp. The idea which comes to him as an inspiration he has expressed in four lines:

> "To see the world in a grain of sand,
> And a Heaven in a wild flower:
> Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And eternity in an hour"—

and this perhaps epitomizes the whole spirit of his work.

His influence on modern art has been tremendously important, extending from the poetry of such a man as Yeats to the scenic designs of Gordon Craig. The pre-Raphaelite movement also owed much to his genius. This is partly due to the vigor of his technique, but still more to the spirit to which he owed that technique. The importance of William Blake's work in modern days is due to the fact that for him imagination and inspiration were both fundamentally the expression of personality. The sole truth which art can offer in its delineation of the beautiful is, that it shall be the profound conviction and complete expression of personality, which is, in its essence, the vision of the soul.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IRISH DRAMATIST AND THE IRISH PEOPLE

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

A LADY novelist lately complained that the modern Irish drama is depressing, and she innocently wondered why the new dramatists in Ireland deal in dolor when the older dramatists dealt in mirth. She declared that the plays which are produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, have "nothing of the brilliant humor or ready wit which the Saxon race has been led to believe are the peculiar heritage of the Celts" and that the dramatists write exclusively of peasant life. "Not one of them deals with the gentry of Ireland, or even the professional or middle-class Irishman." It seemed to her that if the Irish plays were true to Irish life, "Ireland could never have been a place for the development of humor, seeing that the life of the Irish people is too tragic and too sordid a thing for bards or jesters."

The complaint made by this lady is one which is sometimes made by English playgoers and very often made by Irishmen. The Irish dramatist is now accustomed to being told that his plays totally misrepresent his countrymen and that they constitute an outrage on the national character. Any play or piece of imaginative writing which does not consistently flatter the Irish people is described by critics in Ireland as an insult to the race. The dramatist or novel-writer who portrays the people as he sees them and not as sentimentalists imagine them to be is told that he is a detractor of his country, that he takes delight in holding his kinsmen up to ridicule and contempt, and finally, that he has a decadent mind. At one time, critics in Dublin asserted that there was a conspiracy among the Irish dramatists to defame the Irish people! Synge, they said, began the dreadful business and the younger dramatists have continued it since his death. It will, perhaps, be sufficient retort to this foolish charge if I say that in my own case the play which caused the Dublin dramatic critics to asperse my name was written before I had seen any of the modern Irish plays at all. I had neither

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seen nor heard of *The Playboy of the Western World* when I wrote *The Magnanimous Lover.*

The assumption made by the lady novelist in her statement that if Irish plays are true to Irish life, "Ireland could never have been a place for the development of humor, seeing that the life of the Irish people is too tragic and too sordid a thing for bards and jesters," is one which could not be made by any person possessing some knowledge of the history of writing and social conditions. The belief that humor cannot be developed in tragical or miserable circumstances would seem to include the belief that tragedy cannot be developed in happy or prosperous circumstances: the assumption that the Comic Spirit dies in the presence of poor people surely carries with it the corollary that the Tragic Spirit cannot live among the rich.

The facts are otherwise.

It is the purpose of the artist to take the life of his time and express it more compactly and clearly than it is expressed in the large, loose confusions of general intercourse; but he does not express life with the limited fidelity (and the flatness) of the camera, which can portray only a part of life and only the surface of that part of life. The artist expresses life completely, surface and spirit, but the manner in which he expresses it varies with his vision: he may express life in a way which is plain to the ordinary beholder, as Dickens expressed it, or he may express it in a way which seems to be a denial of life, as Blake expressed it; and each of these expressions is an artistic expression, completely "true to life." Professor Walter Raleigh, in his book on *The English Novel,* states that:

"Literature has constantly the double tendency to negative the life around it, as it were, as well as to reproduce it; the lawlessness and unrest of mediæval society are echoed, with the direction reversed, in the monkish hymns of rest and visions of endless sabbath, while Browning's strenuous Epilogue and Stevenson's thrilling tales of adventure belong, it is no great cynicism to aver, to an age of sedentary occupations. Literature, that is to say, is an escape from life, its monotony or its distractions, as well as a grappling with life and its problems."

The truth of this statement is easily discovered. The Eliza-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bethan age in England was one in which there was probably more widely-dispersed comfort than there is in this age: there were not so many millionaires in Elizabeth's reign as there are in King George the Fifth's, but there were probably fewer paupers; and although we have devised many mechanical means of making life interesting for a minority of the race, it is quite certain that the general existence of Elizabeth's time was less dull than that of our time; the workman in the seventeenth century was not a machine-minder, performing some minute operation of little value or mental stimulus for eight hours every day of the working year: he was an intellectually-alert master of a complete process. The Reformation had swept Romance out of the country, leaving in its trail an arid confusion of homiletics and theological arguments; but the spirit of man will not long sustain itself on that sour bread; and so there came into England the quick spirits of the Elizabethans who exulted in newness and adventure. The note of that age was liveliness. There was laughter and unrest in the hearts of the English people in the days of

> "Eliza, that most sacred dame,
> Whom none but saints and angels ought to name."

The Elizabethans sought riches and adventure as eagerly as we seek riches without adventure, and they took the loss of riches with fortitude provided that they won the adventures. They sent their little wooden ships into strange seas and nailed the banners of their queen in new lands; they whipped her enemies in the Indies and were not astonished to find that the elements were on their side when the Spaniards made an Armada. Joy and adventure and speedy living chased sorrow and inaction and dulness out of that bright era. How could the Elizabethans be otherwise than thrilled? Anyone at that time, walking on Plymouth Hoe and looking towards the sea, might suddenly observe a ship with battered sails bearing up the Sound with a crew of home-hungry men full of tales of mighty adventures in strange lands among strange peoples, and bringing with them prisoners and treasure and wonderful foods and garments such as no Englishman ever before had seen. All these were material for the imagination to feed upon and become fat and strong. Theirs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was the adventure of mystery. Our minds had been prepared for the aeroplanes long before an aviator had flown across the sky, but no one had prophesied that men would sit in their homes in the evening and blow smoke from their mouths before Sir Walter Raleigh threw his Irish servant into an alarm by smoking a pipe. That trivial act made a revolution in the Elizabethan mind and gave a stimulus to the Elizabethan imagination far greater than the revolution made in our minds by the marvellous inventions of Signor Marconi.

And how the Elizabethan imagination developed as it fed on the wonders of the world! That rare race of Englishmen had made conquests on sea and land and had torn the proud from their high place: but they were not content with deeds of the body. They took their language and made it into a beautiful musical instrument. They said their prayers in words which cannot be spoiled by the modern curate although the modern curate does his worst. They made poems that glow with loveliness and make us, three centuries later, feel exalted when we read them. When they enacted laws, they wrote their bills in fine phrases. They exulted in beautiful words as much as they exulted in fine deeds, and this exultation was not felt by artists alone; it filled the minds of plain men.

The measure of the difference between this age and the age of Elizabeth is the difference between the prayers composed by the plain men of her time and the prayers composed by any bench of bishops to-day.

Here, surely, if my lady's assumption be accurate, was a time when one might expect the development of humor. The circumstances were happy and the bards and jesters were about. But the chief note of Elizabethan literature was a tragical note. The drama dealt in death and disaster and graves and madness and the miseries of kings. Shakespeare filled his stage with tombs and skulls and dead men's bones, and sent his heroines to their end by violent means. Hamlet, Lear, Richard, Romeo, Othello and Macbeth meet death and insanity in the company of Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet and Macbeth's Lady. When Ibsen's *Ghosts* was first played in London, the critics filled their newspapers with hysterical denunciations of the piece because it dealt with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inherited taint; but the Elizabethans were so healthy that they could look upon a play about a king who suffered from fistula and a king who suffered from neurosis and a king who suffered from senile decay without losing their senses or crying out for the establishment of a censorship! They had plays of humor and fancifulness, but we do not think of them as the people who produced *Twelfth Night* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* but as the people who produced *Hamlet* and *King Lear.* They had success and profit and adventure and good fortune, but they did not make a sunny literature for themselves. They scourged their souls with the whips of Fate and found refuge from their prosperity in looking on lunacy and throttlings and stabbings and the unhappy end of kings.

The tale is different in Ireland, where, from the time of Elizabeth to the last quarter of the last century, there was disturbance and massacre and wrong. The chief note in Irish literature is Comic. Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Synge and Lady Gregory have given laughter to the world. Sometimes the laughter was bitter, as when Synge wrote, but always it was laughter: Mr. Shaw made even death funny when he wrote *The Doctor's Dilemma.* In Ireland, if my lady be correct, the artists should have been perturbed by destiny, their poems should have been dipped in gall and blood; for horror and lamentation and unthwartable disaster surrounded them. During all those centuries of dreadful deeds, no Irish writer produced a tragedy. Men whose lives are balked do not write tragedies: they are too busily employed in living them. They need the relief of laughter. The Irish dramatists wrote comedies; the best-known Irish novelists, Lever and Lover, saw the Comic Spirit persisting in hungry hearts; the best-known melodramatist, Dion Boucicault, wrote plays that shrivelled up at the thought of tragedy.

The rich and happy English people gave *Hamlet* and *King Lear* to the world: the poor and persecuted Irish gave *Charles O'Malley* and *Handy Andy.* And so it has always been in the history of the world. A devout people make plays in which divine figures are characters; an irreligious age, appoints a Censor who deletes the expression " My Angel! " from a play, although it was addressed by a lover to his lady, because angels are heav-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enly beings and it is not in good taste to make any reference, however remote, to religion in a drama! Fielding made the natural novel in the age of artifice. Dickens and Thackeray wrote in kindliness and in generosity in an age when the sweater and the factory owner were destroying the amenities of life unchecked. Nietzsche denounced Germany, where he lived, and exalted Paris, which he never saw. Meredith wrote blithely of great ladies and noble gentlemen in an age when great ladies and noble gentlemen had ceased to exist. Mr. John Galsworthy and Mr. Thomas Hardy preach the dismal gospel of determinism in an age when the soul of man is asserting itself more strongly than it has done for a century. The sickly of body and soul turn their tired eyes towards the brooding spirit of Nietzsche and clamor for ruthless deeds and the implacable government of the strong.

It was necessary in Ireland in the bad days that there should be tales full of laughter and jests; but Ireland has left bad days behind her. We stand at the beginning of a new life in Ireland, and it may be that we shall choose the wrong way of living and become, as Mr. Yeats lately put it, "a little huckstering nation groping for ha'pence in a greasy till." Our people, denied security of life for centuries, and enduring poverty and hunger and disease and death with a brave demeanor, are now experiencing the novel sensation of being prosperous and secure. A people who have long been accustomed to poverty, are likely to be greedy and niggardly when they suddenly come to prosperity. It is little more than thirty years ago since the Irish were a miserably poor people, but now they are "comfortable and getting more comfortable every day," as a woman told me in the West of Ireland. The terrible danger of the Irish people is that they may find plenty of food for their bellies, but find none for their souls. We have lately seen signs of indifference to the gentler things of life among the Irish. The incredible wrangling over the question of the Municipal Art Gallery in Dublin; the brutal manner in which the employers conducted the great lockout in 1913; the terrible record of the gombeen men in the little lonely towns and parishes throughout the country; the dreadful story of the Dublin slums and the sweated industries of Belfast;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bestial air of bigotry in which Ulster is enveloped: all these things have become plain in the bright light of the prosperity which has now risen on Ireland; and it is the plain duty of the artist to tell these things as it is his plain duty to tell of a proud spirit when the proud spirit is alive. The bards in the old days stirred the soldiers to courage when their spirits were low, and rebuked them when they forsook their duty: the artist alternately rebukes and stimulates, praises and blames, pleads and commands, preaches and laughs.

We Irish are a nation of peasants. My lady complainant forgot that fact when she reproved the Irish dramatists for neglecting the aristocracy and the middle-class. The Irish dramatist writes his plays round peasant characters because peasant life is the national life, because the peasant influence is the strongest influence in Ireland. The artist cannot concern himself with cliques and minorities, for if he does so, he ceases to be an artist and becomes a crank. The Irish aristocrat and the Irish middle-class man are very much like the English aristocrat and the English middle-class man: they have no distinctly national qualities; but the Irish peasant differs from the English peasant as completely as an intelligent man differs from a fool. All the vitality and color and weakness and grey tones in Ireland come from the peasants, all the vigor and clash of personalities and swift changes of nature, and where these things are, there also is drama. The moment a nation ceases to be national, it ceases to be interesting; the moment a class ceases to be local, it ceases to be dramatic. When England was a nation, it produced Shakespeare: when it became an empire, it produced Kipling! The Irish peasant has remained national and local, but the Irish lord and the Irish middle-class man have become de-nationalized, aping the English in thought and act and speech, and the Irish dramatist is compelled to make the peasant the protagonist of his plays, for the peasant has national courage and meanness, cowardice and nobility, humor and the lack of it, cruelty and gentleness, high feeling and low feeling, wit and dulness, generosity and greed all mingled in his nature; and these things are the stuff of drama; and all these things are to be discovered in the plays produced at the Abbey Theatre.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If our plays show cruel peasants, it is because there *are* cruel peasants; if they show greedy peasants, it is because there *are* greedy peasants; if they show a life which is different from English life, it is because Irish life *is* different from English life, a fact of which the Irish have been trying to convince the English for generations; and if our plays seem to the beholder to be written too often in dark style, it is because we see the love of money growing in the Irish heart and are eager to destroy it, or to bring about a right balance in national desires. I do not assert that the Irish dramatist deliberately sits down to write plays full of rebuke: all I assert is that he sits down to write plays; the rebuke enters of its own accord. A painter who shows a man beating a woman may desire only to show a man beating a woman; but whether he will or not, rebuke comes into his picture. A dramatist who shows an Irish peasant subordinating his life to the task of money-making may not desire to do more than that; but the ashamed conscience will cry out against the peasant.

It is the paradox of art that when the artist seems most to be negativing life, he is most certainly reproducing it. Synge's plays deal exclusively with people whose lives are empty of achievement. The people in *The Playboy of the Western World* do not consider that the murder of a father is either a laudable or a humorous thing; but, because they live in places where nothing ever happens, because they are aloof from the world of action, they regard Christy Mahon as a gallous lad because he says he has done something that no one else of their acquaintance has done: they minimize the horror of the deed and exaggerate the glory of unusual action. There is bitter comedy in Synge's plays, but there is bitter tragedy also; and it is the tragedy of baulked lives.

It has been impossible for those who live in Ireland to see this change in the Irish nature, the decline of the spirit and the growth of materialism, and it is natural that those who witness the Abbey plays should cry out against their authors because they have seen the change and have written of it; indeed, so bitter is the cry that one might almost imagine that the dramatic critics in Dublin, when they become conscious of the change, believe that the dramatists who first observed it, caused it to be. We have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lived too long on false beliefs about ourselves; we have accepted hasty generalizations on our character and have tried, with poor success, to live up to those generalizations. We like to think of ourselves as a gay and witty people whose men are generous and impulsive and whose women are beautiful and virtuous; and we dislike intensely anyone who declares that there are dull and dispirited people among us, men who are mean and cruel and crafty, and women who have lost their virtue. Our sense of humor, if we ever had one, has contracted; we are able, indeed, to see the oddness of other nations, but we are unable to see the oddness of ourselves. An Englishman will smile amiably at those who abuse him or find fault with him; for he is aware that with his defects there are also qualities; but an Irishman will fall into a rage if anyone should assert, however mildly, that he falls short of the glory which belongs to the angels; and that is a sign of spiritual weakness.

A nation does not stand still: either it goes forward or it goes back. It is hard to tell in which direction the Irish nation is going. It is not enough that a people should be prosperous: it is necessary that they should also be religious; but they cannot be religious if their souls are empty, though their stomachs be full. I do not doubt that Ireland will find her soul again; for the Irish soul is imperishable; but it may be a long while before the search is ended.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Singular Plurals

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The following verses, by Katherine Ward, recently appeared in *The Globe*.

"O mother of mine, come sing me to rest,
Sing me the old songs, they seemeth the best.
When far from thy arms they are comforting, true;
Their words soft and tender speak, dear, of you.

"Sing me the old songs, heart throbs of peace,
To souls that are troubled they bringeth release.
Again I am home, your own little child,
So prayerful your voice in accents so mild.

"O mother of mine, come sing me to rest,
Sing me the old songs, they seemeth the best.
In silver-chained chords they bind o'er and o'er,
Old days and old loves that liveth no more."

Surely these verses are worthy of the highest traditions of American poetry! They were published under the title *Heart Throbs,* and any mother would appreciate the tender memories expressed in the line——

"So prayerful your voice in accents so mild."

Every unhardened heart will throb in response to the simple sentiment of——

"Sing me the old songs, they seemeth the best";

and no one can miss the poignancy of——

"Old days and old loves that liveth no more."

No doubt, the phrase "poetic license" will cover the singularity of the plural verbs. What are small blemishes in a noble work?

SENTIMENTALIST

NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slaughter-houses

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I was reading the other day that the Queen of the Hellenes did a brave and unusual thing: she made a personal study of the abattoirs of London, Paris and Berlin. She had reports drawn up about American packing-house methods. Then she changed the old abominable methods in the slaughter-houses of Athens and presented to the city two thoroughly equipped abattoirs, where the most humane methods are employed.

Now, Sir, the subject of slaughtering animals is not a pleasant one. Not one woman in thousands would do what the Grecian Queen did—find out conditions for herself, and improve them. Yet, so long as we eat meat, surely it is our merest duty to see that it is prepared as humanely as possible. I myself have given up eating meat, though I am not a vegetarian in the ordinary way. But I cannot eat the flesh of animals unless I *know* that there is no torture going on. Is there no way of getting a commission of inquiry that will investigate the matter thoroughly and tell us the exact truth?

A. T. D.

BALTIMORE

Criticism

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I don't like to accuse anyone of unfairness, but it seems to me that you are running THE FORUM on entirely wrong principles. You seem prepared to give a hearing to every man or woman who has a case to present and is able to present it intelligently and interestingly. You have even gone so far as to select articles that stimulate thought and keep the reader awake, when he had hoped to drowse through the usual repetition of platitudes on subjects that had been exhausted by the daily press and buried solidly by the usual type of serious monthly.

I think this is a mistake. It will inevitably alienate your readers. Do you really think it is fair to give a social reformer, or a poet, or a prophet an equal chance with the intrenched wealthy classes? The capitalists own most of the daily papers and magazines of the country. They have been accustomed to have their own way and preach the only true religion of the Almighty Dollar. They have a vested interest in Things As They Are. Is it right to disturb them and give them merely the same opportunities as a man whose only claim is that he possesses brains, or has an idea, or a story that is unusual? I can assure you that if you go on as you are doing you will lose the respect of all the people in the country who don't want to think and don't want to be bothered with any nonsense about equality.

T. MORGAN EVANS

NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—THE FORUM is one of the less than half dozen magazines of the first class. Each issue has generally one or more compelling features which intelligent men and women would be all the poorer intellectually for having missed. Among the notable things in the April number are the article on the press and the poem *The Cry of Woman*. A perusal of the former by some ambitious and gifted youth, thinking of starting life as a newspaper reporter, might be the means of saving him from a lamentable failure in his career. On finishing my college course I had an opportunity of becoming a reporter on the London press. When I mentioned the fact to a friend, a clergyman distinguished as a writer, he held up his hands in holy horror and poured out a diatribe against newspaper reporting as a profession, and many of his remarks are almost literally reproduced in the article *What is the Matter with the Press?* The incident related about the automobile case is of frequent occurrence in different forms. One evening last fall on returning from the library I passed an attractive looking young woman standing at the street crossing, as if waiting for a friend. She did not try to flirt with me or anyone else, as far as I saw. Next evening I read in the papers that at the place and about the time referred to a young woman was arrested and charged with "trying to flirt with a policeman." I felt certain it was the one I have described, and I was at first inclined to laugh at the absurdity of the charge, but changed my mood when I read that she had been sent to jail for three months. Had she been a hardened denizen of the Tenderloin she would have got off with a few dollars' fine, or more likely would not have been molested, even had she tried to "flirt" with the entire police force. Although the affair was palpably a gross outrage on justice the newspapers reporting it had no comment to make. To do so might have offended "the powers that be," including the petty magistrates, some of whom were accused by unimpeachable witnesses with being financially and otherwise interested in the maintenance of evil resorts, but whose names were withheld by the newspapers. Within the brief period of two years five men were shot to death in the streets of Philadelphia, by policemen in uniform. None were known to have a criminal record or were accused of crime, no warrant had been issued for any one of them; they were merely "suspected" of loitering about for some unlawful purpose, such as the committing of a small burglary, perhaps. Not one of them had about him a weapon of any kind; they were poorly clad, and evidently had been poorly fed; three out of the five fell with their backs to their well-fed, warmly clad and formidably armed slayers, whose lives were thus not remotely endangered at any time before, after or during the shooting. A mother came from New York to seek her missing son. She found his body in the morgue, one of the five victims referred to, and as she bore him back to their home to give him decent burial she must have wondered why Philadelphia was called "the city of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brotherly love." The newspapers published each case of shooting as it occurred, but had nothing adverse to say. Had the homicides, if they don't deserve a stronger designation, occurred under similar circumstances in Russia, our "liberty loving press" would have waxed eloquently indignant. Happily the liberties of the people are not dependent for defence on the newspapers. A few great and fearless magazines like THE FORUM have made it certain that no flagrant public wrong will go unwhipped of public scorn and condemnation.

Victor Starbuck's poem *The Cry of Woman* is the most inspiring and luminous presentation of the cause of woman yet made. It is also proof that in these days when the output of mediocre and inane verse is enormous the day of true poetry is not dead. The following stanzas are especially fine:

"She, denizen of brothel or of palace,
The courtesan that launched the Grecian ships,
The crystal clear, undefilèd chalice
Of life, the poppied death to hearts and lips,
The soother of dissension and of malice,
The star . . . . and the eclipse.

"Behold we come, for womanhood is waking,
Before us break and fall the rusting bars.
Lo, to the winds new banners are we shaking,
The olive leaf for ancient wars and scars;
We stand at last where fadeless morn is breaking,
Our feet upon the stars.

* * *

"Yea, we,—the queen in ermine and in scarlet,
The toiler at the spindle and the loom,
The ministrant to emperor and varlet,
The first to stand before the broken tomb,
The wife, the nun, the shop-girl and the harlot,
We rise from out the gloom."

The nun and the harlot! Most writers would shrink from placing the names in juxtaposition—the divinest and the most repellent representative of the sex. But the poet, who speaks by inspiration, disdains to be trammelled in utterance by the laws of conventionalism. And was it not one who had belonged to the latter class who was "first to stand before the broken tomb," and whose face, that had once known the wanton's smile, has come down to us through the ages pure and beautiful as the Madonna's? The predominant idea of the new freedom for women as emphasized in Victor Starbuck's wonderful poem, is moral not less than po-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

litical emancipation. It is unthinkable that woman possessing political independence would long permit a large portion of the sex to remain what Lecky in his great work has so dramatically described as "the most mournful and the most awful figure in history, she remains, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal sacrifice blasted for the sins of the people" ("blasted for the selfishness and baseness of men," Lecky should have written).

THE FORUM in its several articles on various phases of the social evil has rendered a real service to morality and humanity. It has shown to those whose own lives are morally high that the Scarlet Woman has been more sinned against than sinning, that at her best she is still much of a woman, and at her worst only what men have made her. Until these facts are more generally recognized, and until as a result it has been made impossible that any woman must of necessity seek the broad red way as a means of finding subsistence, civilization will remain but a gilded barbarism and Christianity only a partial success. Many unthinking and ill-informed people accept as true the assertion that poverty is not a potent factor in promoting and perpetuating the social evil, while the proof that it is so is overwhelming to those who have made the subject one of special study. Yet even the least informed cannot fail to see that the fear of poverty is the most far-reaching and powerful cause why women continue in the evil life, when they come, as almost all of them do, and that in no very long time, to recognize that they have entered the path whose end, with tragic swiftness, is the hospital, the morgue and the potter's field. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," we are told on authority. Woman is not different in this respect from man, and life cannot be retained without the means of subsistence.

EDWARD J. HOAR

PHILADELPHIA

Vivisection

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Can you let me know when your promised discussion of the subject of vivisection will begin?

R. J. JONES

NEW YORK

[When a thoroughly satisfactory article reaches us. Not before.—EDITOR]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mediation

WHATEVER may be the results of the efforts of the mediators who are trying to find a basis for the settlement of the Mexican difficulties, a great step forward has been taken in the history of international relations. At any moment the negotiations may fall through: before this note appears the attempt to substitute diplomacy for war may have ended. But, whether the deliberations continue or cease, whether they result in a settlement or merely in a temporary postponement of hostilities, they will have served an invaluable purpose.

It is idle to deny that the attitude and the aims of this nation have frequently been misunderstood by the South and Central American republics, which have distrusted our motives and objected to our methods; and, in so far as they have derived their ideas from the blatant pronouncements of the gutter press, they have been justified. But the strongest nations can afford to be the most forbearing; and no nation can afford to be more forbearing than the people of the United States. By the prompt acceptance of the proposal for mediation, we have shown that we desire only justice, and that aggression, now or at any time, is as repugnant to the vast majority of the nation as it is pleasant to the raucous few who still preach the gospel of Spread-Eagleism and bluster.

If there must be war eventually, and war pushed to its bitterest conclusion, we shall have gone into it with a reluctance rarely paralleled and with a justification that none can dispute. And that is the only way in which, in these days of a new spirit and a new hope, any nation may be allowed to undertake the ghastly responsibilities of war. For the time is coming when the public opinion of the world will be more powerful than the armaments of Governments that are still half feudal; and no country will be willing to make itself a pariah, exposed to the contempt of civilization.

But the objection is always forthcoming—"Not in our generation, or the days of our children." Why not? Are men still so mad that the reign of reason is Utopian? Flying has come

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in our day, and the miracles of electricity, and a thousand of the "impossibilities" of fifty years ago: is the Peace of God to be still a dream?

Dream or not, it has been brought nearer by the action of the President. His is no crude diplomacy, as some of his detractors assert assiduously. But it is a new diplomacy—the diplomacy of honesty, and honor; the diplomacy of frankness, not evasion; of settlement, not concealment; of good faith, and not of sinister reservations. The Chancelleries of Europe have long prided themselves upon a cherished casuistry, a policy of indirection and ulterior motives. The President is big enough to go his own way; big enough to say what he means and mean what he says. When the tribe of all the Hearsts is happily forgotten, Mr. Wilson may be remembered as the man who dared to be sincere; and, so daring, bequeathed to his country a legacy and a tradition that it will not willingly surrender. For the secret of the President's hold upon his fellow-countrymen is that he, more than any other living man, represents the true American idea and embodies the true American spirit.

Tried in the Newspapers

Mr. Samuel Untermyer performed a public service when he condemned, at the meeting of the New York County Lawyers' Association, the scandalous practice of trying in the newspapers cases that are pending in the courts.

Mr. Untermyer suggested that from the time a case gets into the courts the law should rigidly prohibit all comments and reports, other than a fair and impartial account of the proceedings in open court, which is similar to the practice prevailing in other civilized countries. He pointed out that the worst offenders in this connection are our public prosecutors. There is no longer a vestige of secrecy in the proceedings before grand juries in cases of public interest. Not only is the testimony of witnesses disclosed in the press and often distorted, but their expected testimony on the eve of their appearance before the grand jury is set forth from the viewpoint of the public prosecutor. The obvious result of these publicity campaigns is to poison the public mind and render difficult the securing of impartial juries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Untermyer, of course, is absolutely right, and the practice that he condemns is absolutely wrong. Every profession has its own code of ethics, more binding than statutory injunctions; and, apart altogether from projected legislation, the traditions of the legal fraternity should have been strong enough to prevent this open violation of decency. A prisoner at the bar has sufficient to contend with, without the deliberate creation of hostile public sentiment. To the average layman, the mere fact of an arrest conveys a strong presumption of guilt: to add to this handicap is inexcusable. We have not yet adopted the practice of assuming that a defendant is guilty, unless he can prove his innocence. The onus of proof is on the prosecution: the defendant is considered innocent until he is proved to be guilty; and, until that proof has been established, he should be regarded as far as possible as an innocent man. Among other details, he should be given decent surroundings, decent food and decent treatment: he should be enabled to present himself at his trial at his best, not at his worst; with such wits as he may have in full working order, not clouded by too rigorous confinement and unnecessary privations. A citizen does not lose his citizenship at the first breath of suspicion; in a free country, he is entitled to a fair trial. There is plenty of time to treat human beings like cattle after—not before—they have been convicted of crimes.

His Country's Enemy

THE attitude of William Randolph Hearst with regard to the trouble in Mexico has been infamous. He has deliberately usurped the prerogatives of the President and the Congress of the United States, and has publicly proclaimed war against Mexico, announcing further that it will be a war of conquest and complete annexation. He has issued in his papers editorials that would inevitably inflame to frenzy the Mexican antagonism to all Americans. He knew that the substance of these editorials, with the enormous circulation given to them, would certainly reach Mexico. He knew that the result might easily be the massacre of Americans in Mexican towns and cities.

It does not matter what may have been his object—whether

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to prevent the confiscation of his huge estates in Mexico by the Constitutionalists, and to add to their value by transforming them into American territory; or merely to extend the circulation of his papers and acquire further notoriety for himself; or to embarrass the Administration to the utmost of his power and attempt to force the President's hand by the development of a crude mob-jingoism. The motives of a man like Hearst can be of little value to any except psychologists. But his actions can be dealt with. Already popular resentment against his reckless policy has been made evident. Even the man in the street dismisses him as a contemptible and negligible factor. But he is not negligible. No man who appeals to ignorance and fanaticism, as he does, can be considered negligible. He is a danger to the State and a disgrace to the country; and it is the duty of every decent journal to say this without equivocation, so that the truth may have a publicity as wide as that secured by Hearst himself through his control over his various papers.

The Square Deal Again

COMMISSIONER WOODS very kindly promised to give the New York Police Department a square deal. A little later, the Mayor repeated the promise: "The policy of the administration will be a square deal to the Department, and we will ask in return a square deal to the city."

Perhaps the Department will respond for a little while to this encouragement; but it is a pity that the Mayor used the word "ask." This is altogether too peremptory. Why not "beg" or "beseech"?

In the public mind, the Department has disgraced itself by a long series of scandals, by its toleration of the cunning, vicious "System," and by its obvious determination to fight for its own hand, always and everywhere. There may be several thousands of untainted men in the force, as there are certainly several thousands of courageous men, who will face death without shirking at any hour of the day or night. But are there many untainted men who have not at least connived at the viciousness of their comrades? The Department as a whole is on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

defence. It has to rehabilitate itself, to regain public confidence, to "make good"; and any man who is not prepared to do his share and do it well and willingly should be eliminated or disciplined with the least possible delay and without the slightest consideration.

That is why we deprecate the autocratic harshness of the word "ask." Fortunately, the Mayor refrained from *demanding,* as the simple right of the city, that the Department should make itself efficient, graft-proof and reliable. It would have been a terrible shock to the force to be told that it would have to do its duty and atone for the past, or the Mayor would very distinctly want to know why.

Austria-Hungary

WHATEVER may happen in the immediate future, the prospects for the Dual Monarchy are not bright.

After Francis Joseph, the deluge: that has been taken almost as an axiom. Everywhere there is trouble, or preparation for trouble. The Balkan states are waiting for a new war. The Albanian experiment has failed. Greece is resentful. Within the Empire itself, discordant races have old accounts to settle.

And the army must be re-armed. As before Sadowa, its equipment is out-of-date. A huge fighting force is terribly handicapped at a time when efficiency should have reached its highest point.

The Emperor's life has been long and grievous. Uneasy, indeed, has lain the head that wore so many crowns. Perhaps before long the regalia of the Holy Roman Empire, still in the keeping of the Habsburgs, may be put to a new use. Within a few years, the map of Europe may be changed as it has not been changed since the fruits of Sedan were garnered.

So generation succeeds to generation, and unrest endures. Empires rise and decay, and the nations have not yet learnt the lesson of all the decisive battles of the world, and the undecisive battles. When Babylon was mighty, there were heart-throbs and heart-burnings at her victories or defeats. Will any fight for Babylon to-day?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only those men who can think in centuries should deal with the problems of their own day.

Americans

AMONG the list of dead and wounded at Vera Cruz, there are many names that would have an alien sound to English ears—Frohlichstein, Fried, Hirshberger, Kapler, Kwapich, Pinkouski, Nagornowski, Jans, Nordsiek, De Fabbio, Vittaro.

It would not be easy for a European to realize that these men were not Germans, Russians, Poles, Swedes, or Italians, but simply Americans, devoted to the flag and showing in mind and character the fundamental traits of the American race. For though those traits are not yet finally fixed, something has already emerged from the melting pot. It is an interesting product of the modern alembic, and will repay study. Writing the old English language, but enriching it with new idioms; speaking the old English language, but disguising it sometimes with unnecessary nasality;—it is not a transplanted Englishman or a sandwich of nationalities: it is an individual, with a characteristic temperament and mind, and with manners and methods radically different from those of any other race.

Yet we have still our Irish-American, German-American, Italian-American and other organizations. It is time public opinion objected more strongly to the persistence of the hyphen. American or Irish, American or German—yes, separately: but not both in one. The habit has little to recommend it; much to its discredit.

The Refugees

ONE of the most pitiful results of war, or rumors of war, is the attitude of the mob toward individual members of the hostile nation. These men, women and children may have been living for years amongst the people who now regard them as bitter enemies; they may have much kindly feeling for the country of their temporary adoption, and they would be likely, at least, to have a wider comprehension of conditions and a keener sense of the rights or wrongs of both sides than would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be possible with the average non-resident. They may have been on terms of friendship and esteem with many residents. Yet, suddenly, they are transformed into malignant foes, suitable only for prompt lynching, or, at the best, for abuse and harsh dealing.

This unreasoning mob-frenzy is not peculiar to any country, though it is less likely to be prominent among the more highly civilized nations. Even New York, in spite of its polyglot population, could be abusive to nationals of an unpopular country. For instance, a well-known literary man, American by birth, found it decidedly unpleasant to use the streets of the city during the Spanish-American War, because he was supposed—erroneously—to have a Spanish type of face, and, therefore, to be a fit subject for general insult.

Byron

ONCE a year, on April 19, there appears in the London *Times* an "In Memoriam" of "George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron," who "died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi," with the reminder that Sir Walter Scott said of that historic tragedy that "it is as if the sun had gone out." Byron will soon have been dead a century, and the present generation finds it difficult to understand the fascination which the man and his verse exercised even over such contemporaries as the author of *Waverley*, who regarded much in the poet's life with severe disapproval. But not all of the fascination has evaporated, and the annual notice in *The Times* is, we believe, inserted by a little society of Byronic enthusiasts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED